

THE KNICKERBOCKER.

VOL. XL.

DECEMBER, 1852.

No. 6.

A TRIP TO CINTRA.

BY A NAVAL OFFICER.

It was on a bright, warm, melting, and particularly evaporating day in June, that one of my messmates and myself left the *Braganza Hotel*, Lisbon, in a chaise, on a visit to Cintra. Our worthy hostess of the *Braganza* had provided us plentifully with biscuits and cheese, and we had doffed our heavy uniforms, substituting for them light white jackets. Our postillion, though a native, was quite a zealous and energetic member of the class; and we snapped, cracked, and rattled through partially-deserted and filthy streets in a manner which seemed to astonish a few lazy Portuguese, who observed us from the side-walks, or gazed upon us from their windows and balconies. Frames of hogs and skeleton dogs started from heaps of offal, and hideous and pertinacious beggars raised their eyes and extended their dirty palms toward us, as we passed. In vain did we 'sigh for the gales of Arabia'—as many had done before us in Lisbon—raising to our nostrils, in their absence, well-perfumed handkerchiefs; nor did we remove these until we had attained some distance beyond the limits of the city.

It is perhaps unnecessary to inform my reader that Lisbon is proverbially a dirty city. Not muddy, like our own great commercial metropolis, nor dusty, like the metropolis of our Union, but emitting from every turn and winding a mal-odor, quite as remarkable for its antiquity as its strength. Every sort of impurity appears to be collected together. Steams of fried fish, rancid oil, and garlic, mingled with the foetid effluvia of decayed vegetables, stale provisions, and nameless poisonous horrors thrown from chamber-windows, suffocate you. But to our trip.

Leading to Cintra there is a well-macadamized road, continuously lined with villages. The first of these is a long and straggling one, called Bemfica. The objects which particularly engaged our attention here were the wind-mills, swinging their gigantic arms on the neighboring heights, an occasional orange-grove, the turreted line of the aqueduct, and the hedges of aloe and Indian fig. Bemfica is the residence of the

Infanta Donna Isabel Maria, aunt of the present queen, and the regent previously to the return of her nephew Don Miguel from Vienna. Her magnificent quinta lies on the left, at a short distance from the road. It contains a collection of natural curiosities, and several rare botanical specimens.

In the vicinity a Dominican convent and church are standing. The convent has been sold, and converted into a manufactory, but the church is still used for religious worship. Here are deposited the remains of the celebrated Don Joan de Castro, Viceroy of the Indies, and those of Joan das Regras, a lawyer and statesman of the time of Don Joan I., through whose influence that monarch obtained the crown in the Cortes of Coimbra, to the prejudice of his niece, Donna Beatrix. The chapel of the Castros contains several costly monuments, the most remarkable of which are those of the great Viceroy and his son Alvaro. The image of the Virgin Mary that stands in this church is the one that was taken from the walls of Tunis, at the time the Portuguese squadron was sent to the succor of Charles V., under the command of the Infante Don Luis.

Leaving Bemfica, we soon gained the summit of an ascent named Porcalhota, and came in sight of the royal palace of Queluz, which stands at the distance of half a mile from the high road. It forms that part of the personal property of the royal family denominated the *Infantado*. This was a favorite residence of Don Joan VI., and also of Don Miguel, to whom the credit of a few improvements upon it is due. Don Pedro I., of Brazil, died within its walls; and the bed on which he expired is shown in an apartment styled Don Quixote's, from the representation of that celebrated knight's adventures and achievements depicted in fresco on the ceiling.

This palace is an irregular building, its various parts having been constructed at different periods. In a private oratory there is a beautiful Doric column, composed of one entire piece of agate, taken from the excavations of Herculaneum, and presented by Pope Leo XII. to Don Miguel. The gardens occupy a large space. In them are some beautiful fountains, statues, conservatories, and warrens of game, and they contain some rare specimens of trees and plants.

From Queluz to Cintra a greater part of the road stretches over an extended heath, in which there is nothing to divert the attention from the magnificent scene now presented to your delighted vision. The elevated mass of rocks, which, seen in the distance, appeared but a blue outline of somewhat remarkable undulations of the land, suddenly display their crags and steepes, their Christian convent, and their Mussulman castle.

The termination of the heath brought us to the foot of these rocks, where there is another royal residence, the palace and quinta of Ramalhao. This estate was the private property of the queen of Don Joan VI., the great-grand-mother of her present Majesty. It has for many years been neglected, and at present offers no attractions whatever. Passing through the village of Sao Pedro, we next descended toward the town of Cintra. The astounding burst of unequalled scenery which I had been led to expect at this point had miraculously disappeared since the publication of the last English tourist's notes, or else I was unable to ap-

preciate its beauties. To me, in comparison with our own country, it seemed tame; nor was I able, notwithstanding many zealous efforts, to brush up the least ardor or enthusiasm on the occasion. Not so my friend. He always travelled with a guide-book, in which he placed implicit reliance; and as the Lisbon guide-book said this was worthy of admiration, he admired it. *Childe Harold* lay in the chaise: I opened it and read, but in vain. 'Very pretty poetry,' thought I, as I again closed the book. I once journeyed from the Atlantic to the Pacific, across a broad region of this continent, and I can sincerely say that such a vista as this would not have aroused me from a doze in a stage-coach on the Alleghanies, nor have drawn my attention from my mule's ears on the Rocky Mountains, or the coast range in California. And I am by no means indifferent to beautiful scenery, but, on the contrary, am almost too vehement an admirer of it, for these matter-of-fact days.

There is much that is peculiar in the appearance of Cintra. Its buildings are elevated one above the other, and here and there perched like birds' nests in the rock. But the most striking objects presented at a short distance are the two large conical kitchen-chimneys of the royal palace, rising conspicuously, like spires of a cathedral.

It was near sun-set when we reached Cintra, and notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, while our host was preparing dinner we clambered up to the Moorish castle which crowns a peak overhanging the town. This consists of the remains of ancient walls, with an occasional turret running over the cavities and along the ridges of the rock. About half-way up the steep are ruins said to be the remains of a Moorish mosque. Part of the vaulted roof has resisted the ravages of time, and on it vestiges of stars, painted on an azure ground, may still be discerned. Scattered about the walls are a few Arabic characters. In another part of the same enclosure is a cistern of quadrangular form, supposed to have been a Moorish bath. It is fifty feet long by seventeen broad, and the water which it contains is about four feet deep. This is always clear, and of the same depth in all seasons of the year. The bath is constructed of stone, and has a vaulted roof. That so copious and unfailing a body of water as this, as well as the numerous gushing springs in the vicinity, which have never yet been dry, should be found here, is subject of astonishment. The water of Cintra, beside being of the best and purest quality, is so cold as quite to disgust one with the tepidity of the liquid he is obliged to swallow in Lisbon. The springs are carefully covered, and conducted through tunnels formed of red tiles and cemented lime and sand, to supply the numerous fountains and tanks which contribute so greatly to the freshness of Cintra, and on which the fertility of its gardens depends. Every garden has its tank in proportion to its size, the overflow of one being conducted to another; so that in every house the gentle fall of water, that sweetest of all sweet sounds in a hot climate, is continually heard. The water from these tanks is let off three or four times a week, according to the weather, into a slated channel, that no drop may be lost, and so to the root of every lemon-tree. In these tanks, which are well constructed of hewn stone, the frogs of Cintra were wont to take their pleasure, enjoying the odor of the lemon-gardens, and promenading when it so pleased them under the lemon-trees. But a dire

calamity befell them. The French invaded Portugal, and the frogs disappeared.

At six o'clock next morning we had horses at the door for a ride to Collares. The animals we rode, or rather strode, for one could hardly call it riding, were a sort of hack jennet. Their owner, who performed the triple office of lackey, guide, and interpreter, kept them upon a hard gallop by his incessant yells and a long pointed stick, which he brandished behind them as he followed closely at our heels on foot, keeping pace with the ponies even when upon their fastest gait. He was literally after them with a sharp stick.

Collares is situated about three miles from Cintra, toward the sea. It is in the midst of a rich valley, covered with orchards, orange-trees, and vineyards, contrasting beautifully with the bare and arid mountain at the foot of which it lies. The road to this hamlet runs along the side of the mountain, bringing almost to your feet the delightful fruits of luxuriant gardens. We passed several country residences, remarkable for their picturesque situations; among the most celebrated of which are Sitiaes, Penha Verde, and Monserrat. The first mentioned is now the property of the Duke of Terceira, and derives its celebrity from the famous convention by Dalrymple and Junot. At that time it was owned by Marialva, and is alluded to by Byron as 'Marialva's dome.' The edifice is more spacious than elegant, and there is a wide lawn in front, where the fashion of Cintra do their promenading in summer. The name of the place, Sitiaes, is the plural of an obsolete Portuguese word, *sitial*, signifying seat or bench, and was most probably given it in allusion to the stone benches on the promenade.

The villa and grounds of Penha Verde were once the property of Don Joan de Castro, and are still held by his descendants. Here there is a beautiful terrace, shaded by cork-trees coëval with the building, from which the beauties of a broad landscape may be enjoyed.

The ruins of the last-named quinta stand on an eminence jutting out from the sierra, and present one of the most beautiful prospects Cintra can offer. It was chosen as a seat by the celebrated Englishman Beckford, better known as Vathek, and was decorated by him with that lavish profusion which here, as elsewhere, has signalized his name. At the extremity of an avenue of trees, over the point of the eminence, the dilapidated château appears. The walls are every where scrawled over with the names of visitors of all ages, nations, sexes, and conditions, and like genuine Yankees, we added ours. On the declivity of the hill, just below the mansion, an artificial cascade was formed, the remains of which, like the rest of the ruins, only tell of by-gone splendor and the capricious taste of the wealthy and eccentric proprietor.

Collares is a small straggling town, and has little to recommend it. It gives its name to the wine so called, which, though celebrated in Portugal, is unfit for exportation, on account of its want of body. When drunk on the spot it is delicious. It is said that several Roman inscriptions have been found in the neighborhood, but neither my friend nor myself had the curiosity to look them up, but remained satisfied with the asseverations of tourists generally to this fact. At the extremity of the valley various streamlets that flow from the mountains unite, forming

a small lake, where parties from Cintra often meet, for purposes of a somewhat confined aquatic amusement. A rivulet winds its way from this spot to the ocean. This was formerly navigable, and the fruit that fell from the trees overhanging its banks was carried down the stream by the current, and gave to the beach the name by which it is still known, *Praia das Maças*, Apple Beach.

A short distance from this beach a rocky headland, known by the name of *Pedra d'Alvidrar*, rises to a perpendicular height of two hundred feet. At certain points the sea breaks against its base, having undermined it to a considerable extent, as may be seen at some distance from the edge of the precipice, where there is a hole through the rock, at the bottom of which the sea is visible. At the highest point of the rock, immediately over the rolling surges, a feat is performed by some of the inhabitants in the vicinity, remarkable both for its dexterity and danger. Without any support or assistance but their hands and feet, they descend the perpendicular rock, from the summit to the water's edge, and return in the same manner. The least slip, or the giving way of a piece of rock or twig, would inevitably prove certain destruction; and yet they make no difficulty in venturing down the precipice, and for a few copper vintens—each worth about two cents—two or three will descend, one after the other. Sometimes fishermen, merely for their own convenience, will climb the dangerous steep, laden with a basket of fish.

We returned to Cintra to breakfast; after which, with the same horses and same guide, we ascended to the convent of *Nostra Senhora da Pena*. This is certainly a marvellous structure, and peculiarly situated. It stands poised upon the summit of a high peak of the sierra, and well deserves the appellation of 'toppling convent,' which Byron has given it. After many windings, a broad road in the rock leads over a draw-bridge to the principal entrance, above which have recently been sculptured the royal arms of Portugal and Saxony. The *Pena* formerly belonged to some monks of the Jeronymite order, and was built by King Emanuel, upon the rock which he so often mounted to see if he could descry the returning fleet of Vasco da Gama, and whence, in truth, he was the first to discover it. When it was secularized and sold, the monastery fell into the hands of a private individual, but was subsequently purchased by the present king-consort, in a ruinous condition, and has been changed by him, with great care and taste, into a species of feudal castle. The style of its architecture is the Norman-Gothic, which flourished at the end of the twelfth century. A large tower, several lateral turrets, walls crowned with niched battlements, and a large court, enclose the two principal buildings. The whole is shut in between colossal masses of basalt. Where it has not been preserved, the monastic character of the interior has been in a great measure restored. The cloister and chapel exist nearly in the same state as in the time of the monks, except that a few decayed portions have been renewed, and some slight flaws in the rock, which seemed to have escaped notice originally, have been skilfully filled up.

In the chapel there is a rich altar-piece of transparent jasper, inlaid with alabaster. It is carved in reliefs, exhibiting some of the stages of the Passion, surmounted with niches, in which are groups representing various passages in the life of our SAVIOUR, and surrounded by festoons

of flowers supported by columns of black jasper. A lighted taper held behind the tabernacle, which stands in the centre, shows its transparency. The work is said to have been executed by an Italian artist for Joan III.

The view from the top of the Pena is almost deserving of the high encomiums that have been passed upon it. It is truly sublime, although not unequalled. Nor does it baffle description, as has been said; and did I but possess the faculty of describing, my reader should have it depicted to his imagination immediately. The deep azure of the vast Atlantic, dotted with the white sails of fishing barks and larger vessels, extending to the western horizon; the scenery south of the Tagus, with its regular succession of undulating hills, backed by forests of pine, and these standing against the dim blue peaks of the Arrabida Mountains; the mighty river itself; the rolling and gently-sloping land in the direction of Lisbon; and to the north, as far as the eye can reach, an extensive plain, variegated with heath and fertile tracts, studded with quintas and villages, and the solitary pile of Mafra, rearing its enormous mass, form altogether a beautiful panorama.

Directly surrounding the Pena, the mountain is laid out in shrubberies and beds of flowers, with here and there a tank of water. From these gardens a path descends to a lower peak, upon which the Moorish castle stands 'toppling.' Like all the walks and roads in the immediate vicinity, this path is hedged with geraniums, growing luxuriantly, which were at this time in full blossom.

The height of the mountain of Cintra above the level of the sea is over eighteen hundred feet. The greater part of the sierra is composed of granite, of various consistency; in some places so soft as to be easily crushed by the fingers. And this yielding nature of the rock greatly facilitated the recent improvements around the Pena. Grayish-white feldspar, dingy-white quartz, and black mica, are also found here. Mixed with these there are very fine particles, said to be magnetic iron, which is seen in pieces several inches thick on the summits. From this circumstance, and because the strata follow no regular direction, and rocks are heaped in distorted piles, geologists have concluded that the mountain must have had a volcanic origin. I am no geologist, and therefore troubled my mind very little about this matter, beyond satisfying myself that tourists had not romanced in their descriptions. However, the reader would perhaps still have been in ignorance in regard to it, had not my friend assured me that what I have just stated is true, and produced his infallible guide-book as authority.

Mounting our jaded, tiny steeds again, who, after their respite, (to them a protracted one,) required an extra poke or two from the sharp stick, we descended the great rock somewhat precipitately, and were soon loping (I cannot dignify it by the name of galloping) in the direction of the Cork Convent—*Convento da Cortiça*. The road winds among the barren rocks and over a wide and rugged tract, and the tedium of the ride was only relieved by the fears we entertained for our necks, as our stumbling brutes awkwardly floundered at their work. The poor monastery we visited, which was projected by Joan de Castro, stands in dreary solitude in a bend of the sierra. It consists of a chapel, sacristy, chapter-house, refectory, and about twenty cells. These various apartments are

partly built over the surface, and partly formed of excavations in the rock. They are lined with cork, as a means of counteracting the damp, and hence the name. Each cell is about five feet square, with doors so low that they cannot be entered by a person even below the middle stature without stooping, and proportionally narrow. In the time of the monks, who were reformed Franciscans, the luxury of a comfortable bed was never known within the precincts of the Cork Convent. Their limbs rested upon bunks of rough-hewn stone. Every thing about the place looks and smells *caverny*, and is in perfect keeping. The bell at the entrance was rung by means of a vine-stem. The seats of the dining-room—if the earth-scented cave used for that purpose may be so called—as well as the table, were cut out of the solid rock.

A narrow path leads from the convent to a small hole at a short distance, where a hermit by the name of Honorius dwelt for the last sixteen years of his life. But, notwithstanding this and several other acts of severe penance he is said to have performed, he lived to the age of ninety-five years. Upon the top of this cave there is a simple stone, bearing the following inscription:

‘*Hic Honorius vitam finivit,
Et ideo cum Deo in celo revivit.
Obiit Anno Domini 1596.*’

Byron's lines in relation to this old zealot are somewhat different from those above quoted. They are:

‘DEEP in yon cave HONORIUS long did dwell,
In hope to merit heaven by making earth a hell.’

For the slight consideration of half a dollar, a deformed monk, who showed us through the convent, permitted us to pocket a few relics. And after we had accomplished this, we returned to our hotel in Cintra, where we lunched.

To the palace with the remarkable chimneys we could not gain admission. Orders had been received to prepare it for the reception of the royal family, who, as well as the *haut-ton* of the capital, were to leave Lisbon in a day or two, to pass the remainder of the summer at Cintra, as is usual at this season. We made application to the person in charge, called the *Almocharife*—which is a word of Arabic derivation, meaning, literally, tax-gatherer—but it was in vain. Nor could he in the slightest degree be moved from his decision, or to disobey his orders, by the astounding information that we were American officers. We were obliged, therefore, to content ourselves with an outside view, which, of course, under the circumstances, was entirely satisfactory and excessively gratifying.

This palace is a strange compound of Christian and Moorish architecture. The ornaments of the windows are arabesque, and represent interlaced branches of trees without leaves. In each there are slender columns of granite, supporting arches which are composed of single pieces of stone. It is said that every thing within this pile of anachronisms corresponds with the exterior. Historical reminiscences of widely-distant events meet the eye in almost every room. The numerous fountains and reservoirs in every part of the edifice, the prevailing style of the architecture, and the very names by which many of the apartments are still

known, prove it to have been of Moorish origin, the Alhambra of the kings of Lisbon.

As we had discharged our chaise on arriving at Cintra, we ordered fresh ponies after our view of the external beauties of the chimneyed palace, which we mounted, and being chased by the youth we had all along employed, with a sharp stick in his hand, toward Lisbon, we reached that place about sun-set.

Cintra is truly delightful; but were it not for the contrast it affords to such a city as Lisbon, and the surrounding country, it would not be so beautiful. Situated as this little nook of freshness is, in an open, sultry, arid country, its charms consist in its verdure of almost every hue; its cork-trees, sometimes festooned with clusters of wild vines; wastes, where rosemary and myrtle grow profusely; jessamine, luxuriant in its growth; garden hedges of geraniums; the convent crowning one summit of the sierra, the Moorish castle cresting another; and the palace, with its balconies and open chambers, and conical chimneys too, if one can but imagine them towers. Cintra must be regarded, however, more as an oasis in a desert than an incomparable elysium, although it is a place of such peculiarities that one never sees a spot of precisely the same character any where else. Nothing so wild or picturesque as Cintra is ever met with in England, and this, added to the contrast already mentioned, will fully account for the extravagant admiration of English tourists. Picturesqueness is a natural characteristic of our own widely-extended country, and Americans, therefore, who visit Cintra are less surprised and less delighted than most Europeans. But it is by no means only in our own country that Cintra is surpassed; for, rob it of its associations, and there are at least a dozen spots near Rio Janeiro more pleasing — certainly beautiful.

Such were my reflections as I paced the deck of our frigate during the middle-watch that night.

LAST WORDS.

By the night-lamp's waning shine
Chant I these last mournful words,
And no more shall hand of mine
Thrill the rich Teutonic chords.

Solemn tramp of arméd heel,
Banner's rustle, war-steed's neigh,
Roll of timbrels, clash of steel,
Soften as they die away.

And the Lurlei's wondrous lay
Heaves no more her breast of snow;
And the student's carols gay
Vanish, saddening as they go.

So the night grows cold and lonely,
And mine own lute is unstrung;
And the echoes linger only
Of the songs that I have sung.

Full, and weird, and melancholy,
Sound they through the heart's deep cave,
Like the echoes of a volley
Fired o'er some dear comrade's grave.

DONALD MACLEOD.

THE PEASANT'S SONG OF WINTER.

AUTUMN has fled, and Winter is come,
The groves are mute and the birds are dumb:
The winds are cold and the skies are gray,
And the weary sun makes short the day.

And the gushing streams and tiny rills,
That danced and leapt down the rugged hills,
And meandered through the withered plains,
Are bound by fetters of icy chains.

Like fragments of robes that seraphs wear,
Now the fleecy snow-flakes fill the air;
And the crispy earth is wrapt in white,
And the moon and stars lend not their light.

But snows may drift and the clouds may scowl,
The hail may beat and the tempest howl,
They bring not want to the peasant's door
Whose thrift has garnered his winter store.

All the joy he feels no tongue may tell,
For love and peace in his cottage dwell;
And he scorns the slave of base desires,
And he lives as lived his honest sires.

Though trees are stript of their leafy plumes,
And the gardens glow no more with blooms,
Oh, the little snow-drop, sweetly chaste,
Will blossom soon on the hoary waste!

Warm suns will shine, and the soft winds blow,
And rivers swell with the melting snow,
And the daisies soon again be seen,
And the teeming fields be clothed in green.

Dead nature into life will spring,
The orchard bloom and the sky-lark sing;
While the swallows back again will come,
And the woodlands be no longer dumb.

The bees will steal from their cloistered cells,
To gather sweets from the cups and bells,
And the bleating mountains joyful be,
When Nature is set from Winter free.

So the changing seasons come and go,
While the springs of life still onward flow;
And faith and hope cheer the peasant's end,
When the chilling dews of death descend.

He knows, when his earthly race is run,
That the golden prize of life is won;
He goes to a better land than this,
To traverse fields of eternal bliss!

JAMES LINEN

THE ELVES AND FAIRIES OF ENGLAND.

'But now can no man see non elvès mo,
 For now the gretè charitee and prayères
 Of limitoures, and other holy freres,
 That serchen every land and every streame,
 As thikke as motès in the sonnè-beme,
 Blissing halles, chambres, kichenès, and bourres,
 Citees and burghès, castles highe, and toures,
 Thropès and bernès, shepenes and dairies,
 This maketh that there ben no faeries:
 For there as wont to walken was an elf,
 There walketh now the limitour himself."

CHAUCER.

If it was true of Chaucer's times that the 'limitour,' the exorcising monk, walked where before the elves and fairies were wont to haunt, we should not so often charge the overthrow of fairydom altogether to the 'Protestant rule of Elizabeth.' The 'holy freres' of the fourteenth century, 'thikke as motès in the sonnè-beme,' drove the elfin brood from chamber to kitchen, from city to burgh, with their unsavory blessings; the Protestant exorcists of the sixteenth and seventeenth followed with holy curses—a more effectual charm—and banished the frightened spirits quite out of the country. It appears, however, that the spirits of popular superstition, with whom we now have to do, were not finally 'laid,' either by the holy men of Chaucer's, or by those of Elizabeth's day. Long after the fairies of romance had disappeared, save from the poet's page, the less noble elves and fairies retained their dominion over the fears and affections of the peasantry. Now these also have come to exist no where but in their legends and traditions; excepting, perhaps, a stray Pixy in Devonshire, or a wandering Elf in Northumberland.

In attempting a brief sketch of the history of the popular fairy-lore of our venerable mother-land, we shall occupy, as it were, but a single 'fairy-ring' in the broad field of elfin mythology. And yet, within that charmed circle we may find many curious traces of by-gone things of beauty, and tiny foot-prints without number. Many regard the common purposes of such attempts only with a utilitarian sneer. To such we will in the outset object the sentiment of a plain and practical antiquarian of France: 'They are not indeed truths which occupy the most space, or even which obtain the most importance in the history of humanity; fables there play in every manner a much greater part; and one can, perhaps, get a more just idea of civilized man by studying him in the errors of his reason, and in the illusions of his genius, than in the positive facts of his history.'* With such an assertion from such a source to fall back upon, no sketched of fairy-land need be doubtful as to the usefulness of his employment. But to our purpose.

Passing over the interesting discussion with regard to the origin of the name 'fairy,' whether or no we have it in $\Phi\eta\phi$, or in Peri, or in Feres, or in any thing, from the Hebrew to the Anglo-Saxon, which sounds like it, and leaving out of the account the 'Faeries' of Spenser, as no part of the popular mythology, let us at once trace the course of the elves from Scandinavia to England. The descent of this branch of the great

* M. RAOUL ROCHETTE, (Memoires, Institut Royal de France, Tom. XIII.)

family is to be traced by the characteristics of its members, their family likeness, rather than by any similarity between their earlier and later names. In the Scandinavian mythology, as gathered from the Eddas and Sagas, the *Alfar* and *Nornir* play an important part. The *Alfar* were the inhabitants of the fair city of *Alf-heim* under the Ash *Yggdrasil*,* near by the *Urdar-fount*, the 'source of the light and heat which invigorates and sustains' the great tree. There sported the *Light Alfs* and the *Dark Alfs*, as unlike, in all but their nature, as light and darkness. Close by, and connected with them, were the *Nornir*, (the *Parcæ*), some of whom were of the race of the gods, some of the race of the *Alfs*, and others of that of the dwarfs.† The English counterparts of the *Nornir* are the poetical 'Fairies of romance,' such as may be found in many of the middle-age romancers, and in Spenser, whom, as we have already intimated, our present purpose does not include. The Anglo-Saxon mythology retained only the name of the *Alfar* in the *Elves* which adorn it.

The *Duergar* were another interesting class of the mythological beings of the North. Their origin is thus described in the Edda: 'Then the gods sat on their seats, and held a council, and called to mind how the *Duergar* had become animated in the clay below in the earth, like maggots in flesh. The *Duergar* had been first created, and had taken life in *Ymir's* flesh, (chaos,) and were maggots in it, and by the will of the gods they became partakers of human knowledge, and had the likeness of men; and yet they abode in the ground and in stones. *Modsgogner* was the first of them, and then *Dyrin*.' They were artificers in all the metals, and their fairy workmanship in gold and silver was wonderfully delicate and beautiful, exceeding that of all the smiths in the world beside. We have not only the name of these preserved in the English 'dwarf,' but many of their characteristics are to be found in the mythology. The English Elf, the fairy of many legends, is a lineal descendant of the Scandinavian '*Dverg*,' or Dwarf, though the line of descent is very indistinct, and difficult to trace. The Scandinavian elves had many traits of character which reappear in the English fairies. We find among them the household guardians, (the *Lares* of the North,) bringing good luck to their chosen master, rewarding his faithful servants, or making

— 'THE maids their sluttish rue
By pinching them both black and blue.'

Here also are the merry folk, who make the '*Elfdans*,' or fairy-ring, in the meadows, by the magic touch of their nimble feet, as they whirl in the moon-light dance. Here, too, are the sad '*Hill-folk*,' whose 'spirited music will be turned into weeping and lamentation,' if the incautious listener whisper a word of doubt with regard to their salvation; the unhappy spirits of those who died without a knowledge of the REDEEMER, doomed to wander about these lower regions, or sigh within their mounds, till the great day of redemption.‡ The Danish account of the '*Elle-folk*' is, that 'the appearance of the man is that of an old man with a

* THE symbol of the Universe. See frontispiece to MALLET'S '*Northern Antiquities*.'

† Prose Edda, quoted by KEIGHTLEY.

‡ APZELIUS. See KEIGHTLEY'S '*Fairy Mythology*,' p. 79.

low-crowned hat on his head; the Elle-woman is young, and of a fair and attractive countenance, but behind she is hollow like a dough-trough. Young men should be especially on their guard against her, for it is very difficult to resist her.' They 'are most frequently to be seen by moon-shine; then they dance their rounds in the high grass so lightly and so gracefully, that they seldom meet a denial when they offer their hand to a rash young man.* The Dwarfs, or, as they were oftener styled, the *Trolls*, were the principal favorites with the Scandinavian peasantry, for they were the most like them in character. In noticing a few of the peculiarities of the *Trolls*, we shall be brought still nearer to the English fairy. They dwelt many together in the hills, or by single families in the hillocks. They differ much from the Ellefolk, in that they are republicans, while the latter are monarchists. Being possessed of untold riches in gold and silver, they are not at all dependent upon their above-ground neighbors for any of the necessities or luxuries of life; but they have a monomania for stealing every unconsecrated thing they can lay their hands on, even to unbaptized children, which renders their neighborhood troublesome to the peasants, notwithstanding their frequent good offices to them. In parts of Jutland they often became so tiresome that the people were willing to forego all the advantages of their presence, and get rid of them as best they could; generally by erecting a church and putting in the steeple a huge bell, the first peal of which would empty every hill and hillock in the neighborhood. They disliked all loud noises, but the ringing of a church-bell most of all. They had little red caps, which made them invisible to all but the fortunate wearers of similar ones; and some of them had humps on their backs and crooked noses.† The *Troll*-maids, however, were many of them very beautiful; and the proofs of the dangerous allurements of their persons and voices abound in the old Swedish and Danish ballads.

One other class of beings in the northern mythology deserves attention, as much for its attractive features as for its connection with our subject. The *Nisses* of Scandinavia, and especially of Jutland, seem to be offshoots of the Dwarf branch of this mythical family. Many of the dwarfish traits appear in the *Nis*, and in his descendants, the Kobold of Germany, the Brownie of Scotland, and, we may add, the Hobgoblin, or Robin Goodfellow, of England. 'No farm-house goes on well unless there is a *Nis* in it, and well is it for the maids and the men when they are in favor with him. They may go to their beds, and give themselves no trouble about their work, and yet in the morning the maids will find the kitchen swept up, and water brought in; and the men will find the horses in the stable well cleaned and curried, and perhaps a supply of corn cribbed for them from the neighbors' barns. But he punishes them for any irregularity that takes place.'‡ The following story of a *Nis*, from the same invaluable repository as the above description, will serve as a proper introduction to the part of our subject relating to the emigration of a fairy colony from the North:

* *THIELE*, (*Danske Folke-Saga*, IV. 26,) quoted by *KEIGHTLEY*. Is there no satire intended in this myth of the *hollow-backs*?

† *THIELE*, as above. Whence did *Punch* derive his ungainly hump and nose?

‡ *KEIGHTLEY*.

'It is very difficult, they say, to get rid of a Nis when one wishes it. A man who lived in a house in which a Nis carried his pranks to great lengths, resolved to quit the tenement, and leave him there alone. Several cart-loads of furniture and other articles were already gone, and the man was come to take away the last, which consisted chiefly of empty tubs, barrels, and things of that sort. The load was now all ready, and the man had just bidden farewell to his house and to the Nis, hoping for comfort in his new habitation, when happening, from some cause or other, to go to the back of the cart, there he saw the Nis sitting in one of the tubs in the cart, plainly with the intention of going along with him wherever he went. The good man was surprised and disconcerted beyond measure at seeing that all his labor was to no purpose; but the Nis began to laugh heartily, popped his head up out of the tub, and cried to the bewildered farmer, '*Ha! we're moving to-day, you see!*'"

From the first book of Ecclesiastical History of Venerable Bede, we learn that in the year of the Lord 447, King Vortigern invited the Saxon nation over to the aid of his suffering subjects; and that in 449, the Saxons, the Angles, and the *Jutes* 'arrived in Britain with three long ships, and had a place assigned them to reside in by the same king.' Also, that 'from the Jutes are descended the people of Kent, and of the Isle of Wight, and those also in the province of the West-Saxons, who are to this day called Jutes, seated opposite the Isle of Wight.' Had there been no Jutes among these early emigrants to Britain, it would still, we doubt not, have been possible to trace the English fairies to their northern origin through the Saxons and Angles, who were of Gotho-German origin, and cherished a belief in the same or a similar system of mythology with that already noticed. We suppose, then, that the ancestors of the elves and fairies of England took ship from Scandinavia with the Jutish emigrants, and established themselves with them in Britain. Whether or no the emigrants were willing to take them along with them, or were aware of their presence on board the ships, concerned not their going; as the above story of the moving peasant and Nis will show. To those who may be disposed to doubt the readiness of the 'little people' to undertake such a voyage to an unknown land, far away over the North Sea, it may be satisfactory to know that in the ninth century some of them accompanied the Norwegian and Danish colonists to the Shetland and Orkney Isles, and to Iceland. Why not as readily go to Britain in the fifth? However the fairies arrived there, it is certain that they were in England, and had been some time sporting on British soil, in the twelfth century. There is a number of interesting legends relating to the English fairies of that period. One of these had its locality in the province of Deiri, (Yorkshire,) where the Danes settled, and, what is especially worthy of notice, has its nearly exact counterpart in the original legends of Denmark. It is so brief that we cannot resist the temptation to give it as related by William of Newbridge.* He says: 'In the province of the Deiri, not far from my birth-place, a wonderful thing occurred, which I have known from my

* 'GUILLIELMI NEUBRIGENSIS Historia, sive Chronica Rerum Anglicarum,' c. 28; as quoted by KEIGHTLEY.

boyhood. There is a town a few miles distant from the Eastern Sea, near which are those celebrated waters commonly called Gipse. . . . A peasant of this town went once to see a friend who lived in the next town, and it was late at night when he was coming back, not very sober; when lo! from the adjoining barrow, which I have often seen, and which is not much over a quarter of a mile from the town, he heard the voices of people singing, and, as it were, joyfully feasting. He wondered who they could be that were breaking in that place, by their merriment, the silence of the dead night, and he wished to examine into the matter more closely. Seeing a door open in the side of the barrow, he went up to it and looked in; and there he beheld a large and luminous house, full of people, women as well as men, who were reclining as at a solemn banquet. One of the attendants, seeing him stand at the door, offered him a cup. He took it, but would not drink; and pouring out the contents, kept the vessel. A great tumult arose at the banquet on account of his taking away the cup, and all the guests pursued him; but he escaped by the fleetness of the beast he rode, and got into the town with his booty. Finally, this vessel of unknown material, of unusual color, and of extraordinary form, was presented to Henry the Elder, king of the English, as a valuable gift, and was then given to the queen's brother David, king of the Scots, and was kept for several years in the treasury of Scotland; and a few years ago, (as I have heard from good authority,) it was given by William, king of the Scots, to Henry the Second, who wished to see it.' In the Danish legend the stolen fairy-cup was given to the church at Aagerup, and was consecrated for altar use.

Most of the English fairies may be classed under one or the other of two heads: the house-spirits,

‘THE coarse and country fairy
That doth haunt the hearth and dairy,’

and the out-of-door elves, the sportive, mischievous occupants of field and grove, and, as Brown beautifully describes them in his Pastorals,

— ‘THE fairy troops which nimbly play,
And by the springs dance out the summer's day,
Teaching the little birds to build their nests,
And in their singing how to keepen rests.’

These classes, however, are very often confounded with each other in fairy legends, and in the poets' descriptions.

We are constantly meeting ‘dapper’ elves in the cellar and kitchen, where they have no business to be; and how often we see Hobgoblin, who ought to be watching the negligent maids, and looking after his bowl of *grouse* that it is ‘duly set,’ out frolicking in the fields, with an elf's green coat or pointed red cap on. A notable instance of this confusion is to be found in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, where we have a rare compound of the Elf and Hobgoblin under the name of *Puck*. The Nis of Jutland went by the name of *Puk* in Friesland, and he was there the same farm-house sprite we found among the Jutes. Here we have at once the English Puck; and the true Puck of England is a hereditary descendant of the Jutish Nis, like him in all the distinctive traits of his character. Shakspeare used the name for his ‘Lob of spirits;’ Drayton followed with his ‘Puck whom most men call Hobgoblin;’ and

now Elf, Puck, Hobgoblin, and Fairy have come to mean nearly the same thing in English mythology. Hobgoblin, or Robin Goodfellow, and the true Puck of English fairy-lore, are distinct and different characters; and Shakspeare's Puck is a being wholly *sui generis*. This distinction is noticed in Burton's quaint 'Anatomy of Melancholy,' where we find these words: 'A bigger kind (than the German little-folk) there is of them called with us *Hobgoblins and Robin Goodfellows*, that would, in those superstitious times, grind corn for a mess of milk, cut wood, or do any manner of drudgery work.' And also, 'those which Myaldus calls *Ambulones*, that walk about midnight, on heaths and desert-places, which (saith Lavater) draw men out of the way and lead them all night a by-way, or quite barre them of their way: these have several names in several places; *we commonly call them Pucks*.'

The characteristics of a household spirit are no where more briefly and truthfully summed than in 'The Satyr' of Ben Jonson. The Satyr has just said something (from 'out of the bush') which nearly concerns Mab's character as a truth-teller, when the indignant fairy breaks in with

'SATYR, we must have a spell,
For your tongue it runs too fleet.'

The Satyr rejoins:

'Not so nimbly as your feet,
When about the cream-bowls set
You and all your elves do meet.
This is MAB, the mistress Fairy,
That doth nightly rob the dairy;
And can help or hurt the churning
As she please, without discerning.

She that pinches country wenches,
If they rub not clean their benches,
And with sharper nail remembers
When they rake not up their embers;
But if so they chance to feast her,
In a shoe she drops a tester.'

In Yorkshire the house-spirit went by the name of Boggart,* yet retained all his distinctive characteristics. The Boggart's identity with the Jutish Nis is amusingly illustrated in the Yorkshire legend of 'the honest farmer' George Gilbertson, whose family was so tormented by a mischievous Boggart that (like his Jutish predecessor who was troubled by the Nis) he resolved, much against his will, to move them and let the fairy have the house to himself. 'This was put into execution, and the farmer and his family were following the last loads of furniture, when a neighbor named John Marshall came up. 'Well, Georgey,' said he, 'and soa you're leaving t'ould hoose at last?' 'Heigh, Johnny, my lad, I'm forced tull it; for that damned Boggart torments us soa, we can neither rest neet nor day for't. It seems loike to have such a malice again t' poor bairns, it onmost kills my poor dame here at thoughts on't, and soa, ye see, we're forced to flitt loike.' He scarce had uttered the words when a voice from a deep upright churn cried out, '*Ay, ay, Georgey, we're flitting, ye see!*' 'Oo damn thee!' cried the poor farmer, 'if I'd known thou'd been there, I wad n't ha' stirred a peg. Nay, nay, it's

* Bog with the English termination *art*, says KEIGHTLEY, and Bog is only Pug corrupted, and Pug is Puck, and Puck is, to all appearances, the *Pouke* of the early poets, who is no better than the 'father of liars.'

no use, Mally,' turning to his wife; 'we may as weel turn back again to t'ould hoose as be tormented in another that's not so convenient.'

The Pixies (Pucksies) of Devonshire, who continued their 'spiriting' until a late day, and are, we believe, now occasionally engaged in it there, were neither proper elves nor fairies, but a curious mixture of the two. So much for the roguish and entertaining domestic fairy, concerning whom we would that Dryden's verses were less true :

'In vain the dairy now with mint is dressed,
The dairy-maid expects no fairy guest
To skim the bowls, and after pay the feast.
She sighs, and shakes her empty shoes in vain,
No silver penny to reward her pain.'

The out-of-door, or rural elves have many more attractive features than the household fairy, and seem to be of a higher order of beings. These are they who were wont to meet

— 'On hill, in dale, forest, or mead,
By paved fountain, or by rushy brook,
Or on the beached margin of the sea,
To dance (their) ringlets to the whistling wind.'

Shakspeare, Drayton, and Herrick have invested them with a deep poetic interest, which they never could have derived from the simple legends relating to them. It is chiefly to the poets that we must recur for descriptions of these elves, whether we would behold them in their mischievous mood, when some poor wayfarer is made conscious of their presence, in the most provoking manner possible, or in their hour of moon-light revelry, their midnight dance and song. The veritable Puck of English mythology is the representative of so much of the elfin character as develops itself in playful roguishness. As Drayton sang of him — although somewhat severely, as if he himself had been way-laid by the rogue :

'THIS PUCK seems but a dreaming dolt,
Still walking like a ragged colt,
And oft out of a bush doth bolt,
Of purpose to deceive us ;
And leading us, makes us to stray
Long winter nights out of the way ;
And when we stick in mire and clay,
He doth with laughter leave us.'

Robin Goodfellow is immortalized by his connection with the Midsummer Night's Dream ; and although the merry Puck of England has long since taken his departure, yet the word 'puck' as at present used in the popular vocabulary of Ireland is his lasting memorial 'preserved in the amber of language.' 'Whenever a blast of unkindly wind struck keenly upon a person's face, and produced a tooth-ache, or an ear-ache, or a pain in the muscles, such as proceeds from cold or rheumatism, it was confidently believed by the peasantry (of Ireland) that the said 'blast' was occasioned by no less a personage than the fairy Puck, who, sweeping suddenly past, struck the doomed individual, out of a wicked frolic, in the face. Hence this 'blast' or 'blow' came to be called a 'puck,' and hence the word 'puck' glided into the common vocabulary to signify a 'blow' in the ordinary sense.*

They who represent the merely sportive, and oftentimes truly beauti-

* REVIEW OF TRENCH'S LECTURES. (FRASER'S MAG.)

ful phase of the elfin character, are the diminutive inhabitants of hill, dale, and mead, whose fairy-banquets, dances, and airy music have been so long the wonder of the homely peasant, and the admiration of the polished poet. 'According to the description they give of them who pretend to have seen them, they are in the shape of men exceeding little; they are always clad in green, and frequent the woods and fields. When they make cakes, (which is a work they have been often heard at,) they are very noisy; and when they are done they are full of mirth and pastime. But generally they dance in moon-light, when mortals are asleep, and not capable of seeing them; as may be observed on the following morning, their dancing-places being very distinguishable: for as they dance hand in hand, and so make a circle in their dance, so next day there will be seen rings and circles on the grass.* Choice descriptions of these occur in the pages of the early English poets. As in the Tempest Prospero invokes those

— 'THAT on the sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing NEPTUNE, and do fly him,
When he comes back; you demi-puppets that
By moon-shine do the green-sour ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you, whose pastime
Is to make midnight mushrooms; that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew.'

And in other passages by the same master-poet, as 'familiar as household words' to us all, these wonderful beings are sketched. In Lily's play called the *Maydes Metamorphosis*, which was first acted in the year 1600, the fairies 'enter' dancing and singing:

'By the moon we sport and play,
With the night begins our day;
As we dance the dew doth fall;
Trip it, little urchins all,
Lightly as the little bee,
Two by two, and three by three;
And about go we, and about go we.'

The old pastoral poet Brown affirms of his shepherd, that he often played sweet strains on his pipe for the fairies to dance by, and that

'MICKLE solace they would make him,
And at midnight often wake him,
And convey him from his room
To a field of yellow broom;
Or into the meadows, where
Mints perfume the gentle air,
And where FLORA spreads her treasure;
There they would begin their measure.'

Also in fairy-like Drayton there are frequent sketches of them, almost equal in delightful freshness to those of his great predecessor Shakspeare. These four lines from his '*Polyolbion*' present a charming picture of the fairies in one of their happiest moods:

'THE frisking fairy there, as on the light air borne,
Oft run at barley-break upon the ears of corn;
And catching drops of dew in their lascivious chases,
Do cast the liquid pearl in one another's faces.'

* BOURNE, (*Antiquitates Vulgares*), quoted in KEIGHTLEY.

And in the 'Nymphidia' we find :

'THE fairies are hopping,
The small flowers cropping,
And with dew dropping
Skip thorow the greaves.
At barley-break they play
Merrily all the day :
At night themselves they lay
Upon the soft leaves.'

But we must leave off plucking fairy-flowers from this garden of English poetry. We have seen that the popular elves and fairies of England are not devoid of true antiquarian interest, in addition to all that we commonly attach to them for their attractive peculiarities. It is truly refreshing to turn aside awhile into this by-path of literature. Would that it were oftener trod, that it might not become so grass-grown. However so long as it remain true, that there are those bent upon conning 'folk-lore' to oblivion, may it ever remain equally true that

'ANOTHER sort there be, that will
Be talking of the fairies still.'

W. F. B.

Portland, (Me.), August, 1852.

L I N E S .

GAZING from my room at even,
Just ere twilight shadows gathered,
Naught I saw but clouds in heaven —
Heavy clouds that darkly lowered :
These were all that met my eye,
All my vision could espy.

But approaching to the window,
Looking forth, I then discovered,
Far beyond the clouds' deep shadow,
Where the ling'ring sun-beams hovered,
A rich streak of golden light,
Resting on the brow of night.

Thence the cheerful radiance streaming
Robbed the gloomy clouds of blackness ;
And anon the moon — pure-beaming
Mid the stars with silv'ry brightness —
Chased them one by one away
With her mild and gentle ray.

Thus, I thought, when care and sorrow
Cast their mantle o'er the spirit,
Cov'ring with a heavy shadow
All around and all within it,
Tinging all that it can view
With its own dark, gloomy hue :

If the soul, thus sore afflicted,
Would but strive for nearer vision,
Though to bide in sadness tempted,
Faith and Hope, with joy elysian,
Light beyond the deepest gloom,
Would see, ev'n round the tomb.

A U T U M N A L T W I L I G H T .

BY JAMES T. MITCHELL.

I.

In the horizon sinks the Sun,
While o'er his face, when day is done,
Coy as the veil o'er blushing nun,
Hangs the autumnal twilight.

II.

The curling mist lies o'er the stream,
Hazy and dim as a twilight dream,
And like the mist round sunset's beam
Hovers the autumn twilight.

III.

The mountains shade the valley wide,
Night's shadowy wings the distance hide,
But glowing and bright on the sunset side
Glimmers the autumn twilight.

IV.

Now sits September 'neath the trees,
 wooing the coy autumnal breeze;
Through the dim forest-aisles he sees
The bright autumnal twilight.

V.

Then comes October to pluck red leaves;
While for the dying flowers he grieves,
A crown of yellow ferns he weaves
For the pale autumnal twilight.

VI.

Nature's gay songsters tune their throats,
Far through the fading forest floats
The music of wild birds' farewell notes
To the sad autumnal twilight.

VII.

Loud moans the wind on the wintry shore,
The sparkling frost is white and hoar,
And flitting at eve is seen no more
The lost autumnal twilight.

October 1st, 1852.

THE STRANGER'S FEVER.

A TALE OF NEW-ORLEANS.

THERE was a grand réunion at the house of Monsieur B — ; and every one thought it the most brilliant affair of the season in New-Orleans. The rooms were crowded with the Creoles of Louisiana, descendants of those ancient French families who settled the State, and gave a characteristic tone to the society of its great city. There were the brilliant light, the profusion of gilding and gaudy colors, the elaborate politeness, the lively gesticulations of the old régime. On every side you heard the nasal sounds and monotonous accent of the French language; you saw venerable old men acting the good father, or the military veteran, or the friend of all mankind; you saw young girls, silent and constrained, huddled together under the wing of their parents; you saw married woman, leading in conversation, and surrounded by admiring groups of young men.

Hyacinth Berger stood in the quadrille with Madame S., the reigning queen of the circle in which she moved; whose affections from childhood had been engaged, by her parents, to Monsieur S.; while Monsieur S., on his part, found in her society the repose which he so much needed; adored her almost as much as if she had not been his wife; and died of old age soon after their marriage, leaving her very beautiful and very rich.

Hyacinth, fresh from a plantation, and still dazzled by the brilliant society into which he had just been introduced, adored her as the flowers adore the sun, offering up to her the bloom and verdure of his youth; while she went on her calm way, accepting benevolently all he had to give, accustomed to such homage, and sure that if he did not wither in her rays he would grow more mature. Let us listen to them while they are talking, amid the din of that music, which was invented to cover just such conversations as these.

'I am weary of this world,' said the young man, mournfully; he was pale and haggard-looking, but the fire which consumed him burned fiercely in his eyes.

'Do not speak of it, my dear friend,' said the lady, smiling sweetly; 'your conversation will grow dull, and that would be a mortal sin in my eyes.'

'I am going to make a voyage of discovery,' resumed the young man, more gaily, 'in search of a new world, like Columbus.'

'Your plans interest me,' said the lady, languidly raising her great black eyes.

'This plan of mine is very simple; it is told in a single word.'

'You tantalize me. Speak that word, then.'

'It is only that I think of diverting my mind by getting rid of my body. It is my heart that makes me wretched; if I could have my soul by itself, I should be happy.'

'You are growing dull again. It is not kind to fatigue your friend.'

'The fatigue will soon be over, and will not be repeated. I have a hope that you may sometimes give to my memory the sentiment you have denied to myself. This is one reason I have for leaving a world where I am perishing slowly of passion without hope, broken in mind and body by slow degrees under your relentless hand, as men, in old times, were broken on the wheel. It is your pastime.'

'You talk wildly, Hyacinth.'

He bowed with a sardonic smile, such as we at the north see occasionally on the stage. The quadrille was at an end. Madame S., the indolent, good-natured creature, was really troubled. 'This enthusiasm of youth,' she exclaimed, in a tone of annoyance, 'it is so unmanageable; what was it made for?'

She knew that a taste for suicide runs in the Creole blood; it is the only taste which the French have that is not purely artificial. It savors, indeed, of reality, but is, at the same time, so temptingly dramatic! When Hyacinth left her, with the smile of which we have spoken, and a striking gesticulation expressive of despair, she quietly retired to an obscure corner, and writing a few words in her ball-tablets, tore out the leaf on which she had written.

Hyacinth, leaving the ball-room in his party dress, threw a short cloak around his shoulders, and lighting a cigar, passed down the stairs into the open street, where the moon was shining and a faint freshness stirred the sultry air. Winding on his way through the intricate labyrinth, the woven lanes, and streets, and alleys, of the old quarter of the city, he came to a house in which a light was dimly burning. The door had a great brass plate and heavy knocker, beside a bell-handle, around which the words 'Night-Bell' were engraved; but Hyacinth pushed his way in without obstruction, like one who was familiar with the place.

'Hipolyte!' he said softly.

'Hyacinth, is it indeed you? What pleasure!'

These were the exclamations of the friends, who threw themselves at the same moment into those attitudes which we see when the long-lost son recognizes his long-lost father on the stage. Yet the young gentlemen were in the habit of seeing each other every day.

Hipolyte was a student: for his night-lamp was trimmed and shaded, his coffee was simmering on the stove, and an open book lay before him.

He was a student of medicine: for the principal pieces of furniture in his room were a skeleton in one corner, and a microscope and a few bones on the table.

'It is shameful!' ejaculated his visitor, bending over to light a new cigar.

'What is shameful?'

'Why, to let coffee simmer in this way. Where is the aroma by this time, my friend? Is it not scalded to death?'

The friends talked gaily together; they formed a plan of enjoyment for the coming Sunday; they spoke of former adventures.

'Well, well,' said Hyacinth, with a sigh, 'youth will leave us behind

some of these days, and we shall both wake up one morning and find ourselves old. For my part, I advise that, before that time comes, we take the liberty of going out of the world without consulting PROVIDENCE. Let us determine, in advance, what would be the easiest mode of death.'

'Some think highly of drowning,' answered the other, laughing. 'Strychnine is all the rage at present; but unless, by the time you speak of, they invent something new, I determine for chloroform, and shall apply to it if I have my choice, and am in the humor to die luxuriously. It is a most agreeable sort of vampyre, just like those bats you hear of in South America; fans you to repose, and draws away, your breath comfortably, while it keeps you fast asleep.'

'Good!' said Hyacinth; and easily learning, by a few questions, how it was to be used—for Hipolyte never suspected any body nor any thing, not even the science of medicine—they parted, exchanging at the door the old *Adieu* and usual *Au revoir*.

The city was silent, except when snatches of a drunken song, trolled unsteadily, died away down some by-street; or the clocks struck the hour of the night; or the sound of steam was heard in the distance along the Levee, escaping from some boat which had arrived at its journey's end on the mighty inland waters. His mind took note of these things, and bade them one by one a long farewell. Over his head a thin vapor, or seething haze, rising from the city, dimmed the light of the moon, although the sky was cloudless. The heat was dead and suffocating; the young man held his cloak open to no purpose, and, when he reached the door of the apothecary, he shook it with a feverish and impatient hand.

The clerk, who was roused to wait on him, for it was now near morning, yawned over the counter, and was altogether so stupefied with sleep that, if Hyacinth had demanded every poison in the shop, he would not have considered the demand singular. It was at the very door of this shop, where the light flashed across his face, that, while Hyacinth held the phial of chloroform in one hand, a note was thrust into the other by a person who fled into the darkness. It was a folded leaf of paper, but the perfume—how well he remembered that favorite odor of violet! a breath of it made him more giddy than a breath of the chloroform which he had inadvertently inhaled before the phial was securely corked.

By the light of the moon he read the following words:

'Do not, by a rash step, complete the unjust accusation which you bring against me, of cruelty. Meet me at the *réunion* to-morrow night. Let us explain, HYACINTH. It is you whom I find cruel.'

The young gentleman staggered, clasped his hands, and, pressing the note in rapture to his heart, struck a fine attitude on the apothecary's steps, which, although unfortunately there was no one present to witness it, was a splendid representation, in pantomime, of hope soaring from the depths of despair.

He was heard mounting to his bed-room with an elastic step, singing a jocund French ditty, which sounded like the tuning of a violin.

They met at the *réunion*—Madame S. subdued and kind, Hyacinth intoxicated with hope.

But the intoxication was not destined to be of long duration.

The lady had felt a glow of interest while composing the note; while instructing the messenger; while anticipating Hyacinth's surprise. It was a delicious bit of romance, that would not occur off the stage every day, and she entered into the dramatic details with zest.

Now, however, she found his bodily presence, and his honest raptures of admiration, quite as much a bore as they had ever been.

'The man haunts me every where, like a ghost!' she said to herself impatiently.

It was true that he was by her side every moment, except when he was following her.

'He behaves just as he might if had not I prevented him from becoming a ghost,' thought the lady; 'perhaps we would both of us be happier if I had not interfered.'

'Hyacinth,' she said aloud, repeating the words of her note, 'let us explain. I find that you still cherish hopes which you must learn to abandon for ever. You have accused me of cruelty. It is you who are cruel, for you force me to allude to my sorrows. Hyacinth,' (here her voice faltered with an exquisite descent through an octave of musical notes,) 'you should have known that I have no heart to bestow. My heart (her fine blue eyes filled with tears) is with the dead, Hyacinth. It is with one who——'

She could not proceed.

'You do not mean that your heart is with Monsieur S.!' exclaimed Hyacinth, who knew that Monsieur S. was too old to be his father when he married.

The lady raised her great black eyes toward heaven, as if to reproach him with the doubt.

'Then,' said Hyacinth in despair, 'I shall seek your heart where it is buried—in the grave.'

'Stay,' said Madame S.; 'since you have done with the affairs of this world, you can have no objection, in passing, to give this flower to Baron D——, who stands in that corner. You see whom I mean; the heavy-looking person, with a nose à la nègre. Tell him the flower comes from me.'

Hyacinth bowed mechanically, and went stupefied on his errand. The flower was a black camellia.

The Baron received it grimly; heard from whom it came; threw it on the carpet, and crushed it under his heel. Hyacinth stared with a look of no surprise, but of perfect vacancy.

'I find you look insolent,' said the Baron.

'I find your language impertinent,' said Hyacinth.

The Baron was a native-born Frenchman, who had been only a few months in this country.

The Frenchmen and the Creoles when they quarrel do not strike. They do not kick, box, or draw knives. They exchange cards.

Friends gathered round at once.

Both parties declared that they had never seen each other before; that their quarrel could not be arranged; and each only asked to fight as soon as possible.

They fought at the break of day; the Baron was slightly wounded at the first fire. Hyacinth did not desire to kill him so much as to kill himself; he felt that to exchange shots again would be wasting time, and declared himself satisfied. He was anxious to get home to his chloroform, and dying with impatience to commence his dissolution.

'By the way,' said he, 'what did we fight about, Baron?'

'I do not know,' said the Baron, 'except that I was in a bad humor over that cursed camellia.'

'But why? What is there about that ridiculous flower?'

'It was an answer to a declaration. The lady said she would reply with a flower, since I understood the language of flowers.'

'What then does the black camellia signify?'

'That one's heart is with the dead — with Monsieur S., I suppose;' and the Baron took snuff with a frightful sneer. 'The woman is a ghoul. She lives on the dead. She is a Will-o'-the-wisp, who shines, and shines, and leads a man at last into an open grave;' and the Baron swore a horrible oath, in which the r's rolled like kettle-drums.

'It is precisely what she told me,' said Hyacinth, 'in answer to a declaration of mine, a moment before I brought you the flower.'

The Baron looked at Hyacinth.

Hyacinth gazed at the Baron.

'If you refer, gentlemen, to Madame S.,' observed one of the seconds, smiling, 'I have myself reason to know that when the living cease to please her, she calls up the ghost of the dead to dismiss them. We all know it here, but you are strangers.'

'It is in fact well known in society to be habitual with Madame,' said the other second, 'to become inconsolable whenever she is tired of charming.' He spoke with a slight blush.

'I find our situation eminently dramatic,' exclaimed Hyacinth.

'We are two rats in the same trap; let us embrace!' ejaculated the Baron. They embraced; they breakfasted together: it was a holiday; a day to be remembered, and handed down by tradition to posterity.

'*Va-t-en*,' said Hyacinth, that night, as he tossed the phial of chloroform out of the window; 'thou hast played thy part in a comedy which will save me a great many tragedies in after-life. I am free of the city now; for I have gone through the grand passion for Madame S., which I suppose may be called The Stranger's Fever.'

M. W.

A LITTLE PIECE.

Oh, happy cloud, that voyagest from the sun,
With crimson freight of fading, kindling fires —
A splendor in the sky! The human soul
Its all of beauty takes from Him who lit
Its upward-soaring flame; and so too thou,
With sunlit form, bearest away such hues
As beauty's cheek, nor all the gems of Earth —
The opal's changeful light, the ruby's blush,
The rainbowed pearls or fire-eyed diamonds know.
Thou seem'st an angel lingering near the shrine
Of some long pilgrimage, and bearing thence
A halo of bright virtues, as thy meed
From out its golden urn.

T.

A N A U T U M N A L L E A F .

BY THE FRASANT BARD.

I.

THE rain fell gently through the night,
And heavy vapors veil the dawn;
They gather on the woody height,
They slowly sail across the lawn:
Beside the brook, where ashes tall
Of late in verdure robed were seen,
The long leaves, twirling as they fall,
Drop on the banks their faded green.

II.

Distance is shortened to the ear:
The far-off cock sounds near and shrill;
The rumbling train, leagues off, I hear;
The grinding of the distant mill;
Amidst the cloud that morning brings
Along the vale where waters stray,
I hear wild-fowl on whistling wings
Flit, winnowing the mist, away.

III.

Hidden upon the cloudy hill,
I hear a herd-boy shouting high,
Making strange sounds, uncouth and shrill,
To tempt the echo's queer reply.
Bold in the mist, that lad is still
And bashful when beheld of men;
And were the cloud but off the hill,
Bashful and still would be again.

IV.

Boy, thou'rt like man: oft will he move
Bold-faced along an evil way,
When cloaked by something that may prove
A covert from the eye of day;
But let a breath of truth dispel
The flimsy veil around him rolled,
Then men the hypocrite may tell,
And jeers reduce his bearing bold.

V.

Boy, yet again thou'rt like to man!
It may be to a genius bright;
Exception to the general plan —
A lustrous being hating *light*;
Lifted above the herd, forsooth,
Yet sharing less of peace than they:
They simply see the lamp of truth,
He clouds, and glooms, and mystery.

EXTRACTS FROM A TRAVELLER'S NOTE-BOOK.

WINDSOR CASTLE AND THE POET GRAY.

A YEAR had been passed, principally in England, and yet I had not seen Windsor Castle: the proud home of the monarchs of England, the royal cathedral, where are deposited the remains of some of the most celebrated of those monarchs, and where hang the banners of the knights of St. George, and Eton College, so long the nursery of early genius, all are objects of interest to the American traveller. And yet in the spring morning, as I walked through the grounds of Eton along the banks of the Thames, sooth to say, my thoughts were more on the neighboring churches of Upton and Stoke-Pogis, and the 'aged elms and yew-tree's shade,' than upon Eton College, and Windsor Castle, and the Royal Chapel of St. George. The home and burial-place of the poet Gray had more interest for me than the home and burial-place of the blessed martyr Charles I. Ascending by a long flight of stone-steps, rising from near the bank of the river Thames, we came into the cloister of the collegiate church, and thence passed out to the open terrace, and stood beneath the walls of a palace which has been the chief residence of England's kings for eight centuries, and the imposing character of which may be imagined from the fact, that over seven millions of dollars have been expended there in improvements and repairs in the last twenty-five years. From this terrace, but especially from the top of the castle, the eye ranges in all directions for many miles, over villages and churches, woodland and meadow, and cultivated fields, embracing one of the finest and most highly-improved portions of England, and affording a prospect of impressive beauty. I have not time to describe the castle, even if I had the power.

On entering the royal chapel, the first objects which attracted my attention were the banners of the knights of St. George. Each knight, on his admission, hangs up his banner in this royal chapel. There it remains during his life, and only at his death is taken down, to make a place for the banner of the knight who succeeds him. As I looked around, I noticed that few were new and fresh; most of them were old and moth-eaten emblems of the age and decaying natures of their owners. The early part of the day had not been pleasant. The clouds and the sun had been struggling for the mastery, each in turn giving evidence of the fickleness of April. But the sun was now in the ascendant, and his rays, streaming in from the west, and mellowed by the stained windows, fell on banner and monument, on vaulted roof and tessellated floor, bringing into bold relief every part of the interior of this noble edifice. Especially the beautiful cenotaph of the Princess Charlotte glowed and was re-vivified under this mellowing light. Yet as I stood looking intently at these banners and monuments, some of them emblems and memorials of another age, gazing upon the scene where the monarch bows in the presence of HIM who is KING over all, and before

whom the rulers of nations are but as dust and ashes, I could but feel the insignificance of all mere earthly distinctions.

Leaving this burial-place of the rich and the noble, I turned my foot-steps toward the church of Stoke-Pogis. At a distance of two or three miles from Windsor, far removed from the public highway, and within the fine old park formerly belonging to the family of William Penn, stands the church of Stoke-Pogis. Here, under the 'aged elm and yew-tree's shade,' lie the ashes of Thomas Gray. I had spent an hour in the morning viewing the old and ivy-covered church at Upton, (also in the immediate neighborhood of Windsor,) and reading the inscriptions upon the decaying stones which mark the mouldering graves of past generations. Through fissures in the walls you may look in upon the heaps of dust which now cover the sacred places where a worshipping congregation once bowed in the presence of their CREATOR. An ivy, gnarled and knotted by age, with a trunk like that of a forest-tree in size, spreads its vast branches over this edifice, now fast passing into ruins. A venerable yew-tree still guards the entrance into the church-yard, and throws its sombre shade over the humble places where

'The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.'

It is this spot or Stoke-Pogis which the poet is supposed to have had in his mind when he wrote his *Elegy* in a Country Church-yard. Either place answers the description. The church at Stoke-Pogis is, however, in good repair. On a tablet under the east window of the church is the following inscription:

'OPPOSITE TO THIS STONE,
IN THE SAME TOMB UPON WHICH HE HAS
SO FEELINGLY RECORDED HIS GRIEF
AT THE LOSS OF A BELOVED PARENT,
ARE DEPOSITED THE REMAINS OF
THOMAS GRAY,
THE AUTHOR OF THE ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD,
ETC., ETC., ETC.
HE WAS BURIED AUGUST 6TH, 1771.'

A plain, unpretending tomb covers the poet and his mother. At Stoke-Pogis the elms and the yew-trees shade the graves of the hamlet forefathers. I sat for a long time beneath those yews, thinking that, in all human probability, the blood of many of these men was still flowing in the veins of my own countrymen; for around me I saw the graves of Parry, of Cooper, of Goddard, of Gould, of Geere, and many other names familiar in our own land. And then I thought how much more desirable was the fame of the poet than of the king. This country church-yard has attractions not found beneath the roof of the Royal Chapel of St. George. Few care as to where rest the ashes of Charles the First, of George the Third, and George the Fourth, and William the Fourth. But the country church-yard where Gray wrote his *Elegy*, and where sleeps all that was mortal of him, is precious and sacred to every reader of the English language. The vision rises to view in city and in country, in hall and in cottage, in the groves of the academy, and in the primeval forest where the smoke from the woodman's hut gives notice of advancing civilization. I remained musing for a long time. No human voice disturbed the tranquillity of the scene. The deer which had been

feeding in the park were gathering and lying down to their rest. The songs of the birds in the leafy elms had ceased, for the shades of evening were advancing. The morn would break on the morrow, but

‘The cock’s shrill clarion and the echoing horn’

would never again arouse the poet, or those who sleep around him, from their lowly beds. ‘Peace to their ashes!’ was my humble benediction as I bade farewell to this sequestered and beautiful spot, consecrated by genius.

W. W. C.

C U P I D D I S A R M E D .

PRITHEE, LOVE, why fly so fast?
Life is quickly fleeting past;
Soon our joyful days are o’er:
Alas! they can return no more.
Enter then, and rest thy wing,
Drop thy quiver, loose thy string;
Come while, led by low-breathed lutes,
The graceful nymphs, a band of mates,
Join in the mazy, gliding dance,
With many a burning, side-long glance.
With song and feast our days we’ll spend,
Nor fear the spectre at its end.

‘Alas!’ poor CURIO said, and sighed,
‘Too oft have I that solace tried:
Let fools still make a mock at sin,
I mind the monitress within.’

I answered naught: the proffered wine,
Which bright with golden motes did shine,
Had power to tempt the wingéd boy;
He drank, and praised the fount of joy.

‘Thanks! sparkling, leaping source of life!
I feel again for mischief rife:
My bow and quiver! Hasten there!
I’ll seek again to wound the fair.
Unhand me! lest I speak the ban
That bars the love of maid and man.’

Here, overpowered, the drowsy god
Affected Jove’s paternal nod;
Though worlds unmoved their courses kept,
He shook himself, and, shaking, slept.
I left him to his quiet rest,
But this sage thought my brain impressed:
Our best endeavors often fail,
Whilst ‘gainst excess we proudly rail;
We’re none so good as ne’er to sin,
At the first chance we swift begin;
But we at least can still refrain
From chiding those who strive in vain.

we went along, I summed up the items of my happiness, drew a line, and calculated the total. The items were:

1. An angelic disposition.
2. The softest black eyes in the world; silken tresses to match.
3. A complexion pure as the whiteness of a pearl.
4. A mouth which beat all the Greek statues to fits.
5. A neck and shoulders of human though quite equal to vegetable ivory.

6. A slender, graceful figure, that would have destroyed St. Anthony's saintship to a dead certainty, and so much the better for him if it had tempted him.

7. Love for a certain individual, (who, like Mr. Ferocious in 'Tom Pepper,' shall be nameless,) carried to the confines of hero-worship.

Total: Aurelia Garford.

I was in a state of tremendous exhilaration. My soul cut capers and threw up its hat inside my breast; at least so I conjectured from the thumps I felt against the walls of that portion of my body. Aurelia and I took one long-drawn, champagnish sort of kiss, just before we turned the corner of that, to many, apocryphal Two-hundred-and-twenty-second street, and in another minute we were at the rail-way station.

So was old Garford!

He had come home two hours before his time from his office down town, where he was supposed to make money somehow. Not that he ever made any. His wife had a small income of her own, and that supported the family. Mr. Garford, at least so it appeared to me, was allowed to play at business just to keep himself out of mischief.

'Hollo, young people!' he cried, jovially, 'taking a walk, hey! Where are you off to? and what does my pretty Aurelia carry in that confoundedly bulgy basket there?'

'Oh, papa!' cried Aurelia, whose self-possession was upset by the sudden rencontre, and the dear girl burst into a passionate flood of tears; tears of disappointment and vexation, I conscientiously believe.

'Hollo! what's this, what's this, young gentleman?' said old Garford sternly, smelling a rat for the first time.

'Why, Sir,' said I, perhaps stupidly, impelled by an irresistible impulse, 'if you had not met us so unluckily, we should have run away and got married.'

'Hum!' said old Garford, looking at me fixedly; 'is there any particular reason for your getting married in such a hurry?'

'Yes, Sir,' said I.

'And pray what is it?' said old Garford, severely.

'We love one another!' said I, looking him boldly in the face.

'Oh, is that all? Very well. You need not run away; I have not the least objection to your being married.'

'Oh, Sir ——'

'Stop a moment. I *have* a great objection to your marrying without any thing to live on. Much as I was attached to Mrs. Garford, Sir, I should never have dreamed of marrying her unless we had had between us sufficient to support a respectable establishment, Sir.'

'But, Sir ——'

'But, Sir,' resumed Mr. Garford, who evidently took a pleasure in playing his part of heavy father in the drama; 'but, Sir, you perhaps imagine that I can give my daughter a fortune. You anticipate ——'

'Not at all, Sir,' I interrupted, eager to disclaim all interested motives. 'I know very well that you cannot give your daughter any thing.'

'Indeed, Sir, *indeed*? And pray *how* do you know that I cannot give my daughter a fortune? Are you aware, Sir, that the business I am engaged in is one by which some of the largest fortunes in this city have been realized, Sir?'

To use a somewhat worn but expressive phrase, I had hit my intended father-in-law 'in the raw,' and all attempts to conciliate proved fruitless. Nor did a hint from Aurelia, that 'papa knew very well he had not made the rent of his office for the last two years,' at all mend matters.

Finally, Mr. Garford positively forbade my farther visits or correspondence with his daughter, until I could show him that I was worth five thousand dollars clear, and making an income of at least two thousand a year.

Thus we parted. I made several attempts to see Aurelia, but failed. In the end I resolved to set to work to make the required sum and income with the least possible delay.

Luckily I made friends with a very clever painter, who undertook to put me in the right way. I had to begin again. The fact was, I had a tolerable dexterity in the blending of colors, but I drew like a Chinese, or a Yankee as I was. My master was a Frenchman; he had studied at Paris under Delaroche. He opened my eyes. I was quick. In a few months, with considerable labor, I could produce a portrait at any rate tolerably correct in outline and perspective. This at once raised me above the majority of my rivals, and I soon procured considerable custom.

I had just laid the first stone of my fortune in the shape of a hundred dollars deposited in a bank, when an overwhelming blow destroyed the whole edifice of my hopes.

I received a letter announcing the death of Aurelia from her father. She had been dead three weeks when the news reached me. My friend the painter was present. He saw me turn pale and cover my face with my hands.

'What is it?' he asked, kindly.

'She is dead!' I replied, in a shaken voice.

He knew my history, and needed no farther explanation.

I threw myself on a sofa and wept convulsively. When I had exhausted the first violence of my grief, my friend approached me, and in a tone of grave sympathy asked me of what I was thinking.

'Of death!' I replied.

'Of suicide?' said he.

I made no answer.

'Do you not possess her portrait?' said he.

'Yes, a daub of my own, but which reminds *me* at least vividly of the original. I have also a daguerreotype, but daguerreotypes have always a cold, ghastly look.'

'You should paint her.'

‘Paint her?’

‘Yes, paint her as an angel of heaven; realize your memory of her beauty on the canvas. Leave a monument of your love and talent behind you. Then die, if you please.’

The artist’s suggestion pleased me. No youth of eighteen is in a violent hurry to die, even for love. I resolved to adopt my friend’s idea, and a gloomy sort of ambition seized me to make this work a work of art worthy of its model. Nay, I even dreamed of posthumous fame; of going down the stream of American art-history, as the man who painted a real angel, and then pursued its prototype into the world of angels.

I commenced my task that very day, and labored as long as the light allowed, without cessation. My master aided me by his counsels; and when the work was complete, he laid his hand affectionately on my shoulder and said, ‘Truly you are a pupil worthy of a greater master!’

We had the picture framed and sent to the exhibition of the Academy. On the very first day my triumph was unquestionable. ‘An Angel’ was decidedly *the* attraction of the exhibition. The same afternoon an offer to purchase it for a large sum arrived from one of the richest merchants of New-York. I sat with this letter in my hand trying to read it by the already waning light in my studio, when I heard the door open and some body enter. Supposing it to be the painter, I did not look round.

Presently I raised my eyes, and beheld to my horror a shadowy figure in white, with a face of unearthly pallor.

The face was Aurelia’s!

I confess that fear seized me. My shattered nerves, my recent over-exertion, my fasts and vigils, had increased my nervous sensibility to an alarming degree. I tried to reason with myself, and account for the vision on grounds of mental delusion, when I was startled out of all reasoning by the figure saying in a low but distinct tone:

‘Frederick! do you not know me?’

‘Yes, I know you,’ was my solemn answer.

‘And you still love me?’

‘Now and for ever!’

‘Then why do you not embrace me?’ said the figure, gliding nearer.

‘Can ghosts embrace?’ I cried, rising dubiously, and gazing more assuredly at the pale phantom.

‘Try!’ said the ghost.

And I did try; but it was no spectre; it was a living, breathing angel I folded in my arms.

‘What is the meaning of this? I thought you dead!’

‘And I believed you buried. They told me so at home. I have had a fever in consequence; see how pale and thin I am!’

‘But I am alive; so are you!’

‘That is evident.’

‘What could have been your father’s motive for such conduct and such falsehood?’

‘An insane wish to marry me to his partner, Mr. Smithson.’

‘His partner?’

‘Yes; he has caught a partner with money, as mamma says, and she

thanks God she will not have to pay the rent of the office out of her own income any longer.'

'But how did you know I was alive?'

'Dead men do not paint pictures.'

'Then you know?'

'Yes, I have *seen* — oh! you flatterer!'

'Flatterer? not at all. But look at *this* — an offer of seven hundred dollars for the picture. An hour ago I would not have sold it for seventy thousand. But now — suppose we take the seven hundred dollars and run away at once?'

'It is not necessary; my father gives his consent — and here he is.'

Old Garford entered.

'Well, Sir,' said he, 'I congratulate you on your success. We shall be happy to see you at Two-hundred-and-twenty-second street this evening, if you are not otherwise engaged.'

Shortly afterward I was married. As soon as Aurelia and I were alone in the carriage that bore us from the church, I said to her, smiling, 'My dear little ghost, I sincerely trust you will haunt me to my dying day!'

'I will try,' said Aurelia, looking full at me with beautiful and fathomless eyes, 'to be your ghostly comforter as long as I live.'

It is my opinion that a ghost is very much improved by having a body attached to it.

W. N.

THE GATHERING OF THE CLOUDS.

BY FREDERICK G. CARNES.

From their quaternian realm
The exuberant Seasons seemed to spring,
All coalesced and molten into one,
Whose variegated form and shadowing
The atmosphere should overwhelm.
I watched the solar disc, for 'twas the hour
When like a coruscating globe he shone,
And long prismatic shafts were swiftly thrown,
Linking Earth with the Ecliptic. Through the air
In idle dalliance swept the breezes by,
With many a fragrant sigh;
And timid stars peered forth; and e'en the Moon,
But in her crescent, shed a lustrous glow;
While ever to and fro,
Unseen, the elemental minions sought
Their countless tasks. Unblenched by all,
The solemn hours strode silently and slow;
And turbulent winds great peans wrought,
Symphonious as an Alpine waterfall.

And still I gazed, for from the horizon's rim
Emerged a gorgeous cavalcade, whose height

And sudden breadth leagues could not bind,
Nor whirlwinds grim
Subdue or blight.
These were the clouds of air,
Lifting their forms sublime,
Thronging majestically every where.
Amid their ranks were found
All that the days and nights e'er knew,
All that e'er crept exulting from the ground,
And tiny or prodigious grew,
Of all imagined shape or hue,
Filling the mighty fields of space
With wondrous purpose and perpetual grace.

First came the delicate Cirri, they that float
In regions most remote,
Fibrous and spiral, or in parallel bars,
As if to poise the unseen stars;
Now shooting forward in diverging lines,
Or waving like a plume,
As when the column'd Borealis shines,
And seeks the rainbow's colors to assume.
Fast following, the Stacken-clouds were seen,
Heaped up irregular in broken cones
And orbs of light, whose fleet dilating zones
Were bathed in copper sheen.
These wander with the Sun, and when he dies
Scatter perplexed and wasting through the skies.
Now they are forced along, for in their wake
The beetling Strati sailed, from whom descend
Vapors and mists that saturate the earth,
And animate its soil to constant birth.
Dark and impervious, at morning's break
They flee away; yet lingering bear
Coolness in sultry hours,
When droop the parchéd flowers,
Spreading the crystal dew upon the grass;
And, as they pass,
Instilling virtues through the balmy air,
With blessings every where.

Then hastened on the Sonder and the Wane,
Imperious clouds where'er displayed,
Portending wind, and snow, and rain:
Of fleecy texture and capricious shade,
Haunting the lower confines of the air,
They change from thin and wavy streaks
To hazy contours; and again,
In faint, attenuated peaks,
Dissolve. And now appear
Those most magnificent of clouds,
Whose arrogant career oftentimes enshrouds
The galaxies of heaven. These steer
In huge battalions, o'er each other piled,
Strenuous and wild,
Forming great domes and spires,
With pyramids of fires,

Crosses and arcs that swell
Throughout the gulfs of space,
And interlace
And with each other dwell:
The Twain-clouds — monarchs of the rest —
In spangled robes of purple drest,
The electric sceptre swaying loftily,
Their throne the fulminating sky,
For ever dazzling with a buoyant crown
Of terrible renown.

Lo! what a strange mutation marks the scene,
Plunging the radiant sky
In sombre agony,
And cold convulsive mien.
Not in abrupt and horizontal lines,
Nor in detached or flimsy forms,
But dense and massive, with imposing signs
Of closing combat, and with furious speed,
Rush the swart Nimbi forth, wielding the storms,
Gigantic weapons, whence proceed
Unearthly terrors. Nearer still they come,
While the whole heavens, struck dumb,
Hide in dismay. Then patter down
The ringing rain-drops; while, with awful frown,
The thunderbolt cleaves the black chasms
With sonorous spasms,
And frequent flambeaux smite the awful gloom.
Long the wild warfare rages, till, bereft
Of strength, the elements grow calm,
And breathe their joyous psalm,
As the far-girdling rainbow gleams
With blended tints; and then the air is left
To sweet tranquillity again,
Soft as a thousand dreams:
So followeth Pleasure o'er the wrecks of Pain.

Thus are they passing on their pilgrimage,
Those hosts aerial. How the eye
Aches with the charm of such a phantasy!
For there are built towers that an age
Of human toil could never raise,
Of amethystine walls, and gates of pearl,
Where crimson bannerets unfurl,
And spears dipped with the sardonix
Glimmer across the spectral lakes,
An avalanche of rays;
While rapid currents intermix,
And the elastic ether grandly quakes.

Then higher up are gardens decked
With obelisks and statues rare,
And flowers with dainty colors flecked,
And trees whose branches bear
Bunches of luscious fruit; and then behold!
One ray of light betrays the gloom

Of jagged caverns black and wild,
Crossed by a deep and sullen flume,
Arches of porphyry in fragments piled,
And vines of poisonous fold.

So clouds that drift and send and fly,
The irisated pavements cross,
That grace the sky ;
And golden hands are stretched — so frail,
They tremble like the silken floss,
When stirs the breeze ; and many a sail
Goes flapping o'er the magic sea,
Whose luminous waves rock gloriously ;
And coral shores, where beacon-lights revolve,
Complete the enchanted pageant, and dissolve.

They have all vanished, and the skies are clear,
But darkening ; for the dusky arms
Of Twilight are upreared, and all the charms
Of Day must disappear.
Oh ! scarce shall I forget that marvellous sight
Of Nature's handiwork, though faded now ;
On Memory's faithful tablet shall it glow,
A vision of the Past, whose flight
 'Tis sad to know.
Yes ; helplessly expiring, the last cloud
Climbs o'er the hill,
And long and loud
The cricket and the whip-poor-will
Contest in minstrelsy.
Soon shall the planetary train
In soft effulgence rise again,
And Night's dominion rest o'er land and sea.

Stupendous scenes ! beyond the power of Art
To enthrall or imitate,
What clustering glories are revealed,
Borne through the universe, and, as a shield,
To hide the mysteries of divine estate,
To magnify man's soul, and cheer his heart.
Thus from Life's battlements we see
Our outer semblances appear,
Masked in the wayward forms of Hope and Fear,
Of Joy and Sorrow, Truth and Love,
And all the insatiate wilderness
Of circumstance, whose problems move
Our being to its destiny.
Some are in sunshine, some in shadows vast,
Black as tornadoes ; others shrink aghast,
Too cowardly to live ; and all impress
Some vivid hue upon themselves, and stand
The bold reflections of their MAKER's hand.
O power of Faith ! not doubtingly besought,
Exalted harbinger of Wisdom found,
Embalm these lessons in the deep, profound,
And silent catacombs of Thought.

New-York, 4th February, 1852.

STUDENTS' NONSENSE.*

A CLEVER knot of young fellows were assembled around the door which led into the garden adjoining the house in the *Rue Copeau*. I do not know why students are so much in the habit of congregating around the threshold of an outer door. Such is the fact undeniably. Who will undertake to explain it?

It was a fine, pleasant day in the fall of the year. The leaves were beginning to drop off, and the air was autumnal. One by one, as they left the *salle-à-manger*, the young men passed out into the garden, with pipes, meerschaums, and cigars; some with books in their hands: most wore caps, but a hat here and there could be seen on the head of some resolute American, who in this way showed his contempt for prevailing customs.

Of the company, one was a Pole, two were English, three American, two German; there were also an Italian, an Irishman, and a Genoese, beside several, the place of whose nativity had never transpired. They were, for the most part, diligent students, somewhat reckless of the ordinary demands of society, but having a decided purpose in view. The majority were studying medicine.

The Irishman was a Roman Catholic, and devoted himself to theology. His name was James Daloney. Where he now is I do not know. He was about taking orders, and is, doubtless, laboring some where in his holy calling. Should his eye chance to fall upon this page, I beg to send him a friendly greeting, for I am sure he will not have forgotten his sojourn in the *Rue Copeau*, nor his companions there.

One of the Germans was named Franz von Herberg. He was a painter, devoted soul and body to his art. He was open-hearted and sincere, somewhat sensitive to criticism, refined in character, of an exquisite humor, yet subject to frequent depression of spirits.

The other German, Jacob Wahlen, was a student of philosophy, full of mysticism and Spinoza.

The Italian and Genoese—so they were always named—came to the house together, and were much in each other's society. They had incurred, I imagine, in some way the resentment of their respective governments, and were now exiled.

The two Englishmen were as unlike each other as was possible for two persons to be. One was conceited, and a cockney; the other was my delightful friend Clements.

Vincent, Partridge, and myself, with three or four others, completed the group.

'What is the news to-day?' said Vincent. 'Has any one been on the other side? Is Louis Philippe recovering?'

No one knew.

'I was down in the country yesterday,' said the cockney. 'Lord Ros-

* FROM MR. RICHARD B. KIMBALL'S new work, 'Romance of Student-Life Abroad,' now passing through the press of Messrs. GEORGE P. PUTNAM AND COMPANY.

lin, the brother-in-law of the cousin of our ambassador, invited me. 'Pon my word, we had such a capital time. I am to go out shooting with him next month—such a box as he's got: he's such a sportsman too; he told me he shot thirty-three hares in England one morning before breakfast.'

'He must have been firing at a wig,' said Partridge.

A general laugh followed this sally, which the other did not seem to comprehend, for he went on in the same tone, not heeding the interruption.

'By the way, Franz, when are we to see the new painting?' asked I.

'Never, I fear,' said Franz; 'I have tried to paint the man, and——'

'You can't get the right *expression*, I suppose,' said Daloney.

'Go to the *Morgue*,' said one.

'Or to the public executioner.'

'You should have been here in '30,' said the Italian; 'that would have been a time for taking dead men in all shapes.'

'Gentlemen, you do n't understand me. You speak as if I wanted to get upon my canvas the characteristics of *death*; that, I admit, I can find where you suggest: but it is the *living* expression which sometimes lingers on the face *after* death that I would transfer. Bah! 't is not so easy to put the two things together.'

'That's not the only disappointment which Franz has met with lately, in putting two things together,' said Daloney.

'Ah! how is that?' cried several.

'Why, our friend here undertook to paint a cow and a cabbage on the same canvas, and both were so natural that he had to separate them.'

'Bravo! bravo! Daloney;' and there was a general shout.

'Daloney,' said Vincent, gravely, 'take my hat. I never will wear one again.'

'It comes in good time,' whispered Clements, loud enough to be heard by the whole party, while Daloney gave him a glance to be silent.

'No, no; it is too good to be lost,' said the other. 'You must know, gentlemen, that yesterday our friend treated himself to a new hat; price, nine francs, fifteen sous, and two centimes. Instead of coming home, like a rational creature, to his dinner, he wanders into the *Rue Rivoli*, dines, takes *café*, and rises to depart. His hat is missing; he looks about quietly; he is sure he placed it on the seat just behind him; he looks again; he discerns a dirty piece of paper, with two lines scrawled on it; he picks it up, and reads as follows:

'I have taken your new hat; but I leave you my eternal gratitude.'

Another general laugh succeeded Clements's narration.

'You have interpolated,' said Daloney; 'there was not one word about gratitude, else I had been satisfied; there was nothing, in short, for my fine beaver but an old, shabby, torn specimen of a *chapeau*, not fit for the beasts of the field to wear.'

'They *would* look well in hats, to be sure,' said Vincent; 'do n't you think so, Professor?' turning to Wahlen.

'I do n't think so soon after dinner. It disturbs my digestion.'

'How solemn you grow! Pray, Franz, let's have the story about Wahlen's going to see the juggler.'

'Ja—ja—you may tell it in welcome,' said Wahlen, seriously, 'if it will pleasure the company.'

'Oh, *do* let's have it, Franz!' cried half-a-dozen.

'I can give it in word. Wahlen and I went to see a juggler who exhibited on the corner near the Odeon. We had front seats. In the course of the performance he asks some person to step on the stage to assist in a piece of *diablerie*. He beckons Wahlen, who at that moment was thinking of any thing but what was going on. Wahlen starts at once. Among other things, he asks Wahlen to hand him a napoleon. 'You see,' cries the juggler, addressing the audience, 'this gentleman hands me a napoleon. I put it in my pocket. Now let every one watch me narrowly. *Siberah, Vibberah, Tintuntuncleristhatch—Presto, voilà!* The gentleman will tell you it is in his pocket again,' appealing to Wahlen, who was at that moment deep in Fichte or Jacob Boehme, and was startled into saying 'Yes,' before he knew he had said any thing. The juggler, with most triumphant air, now moved our friend to take his seat.

'Please return me my napoleon,' said Wahlen.

'Swindler!' exclaimed the juggler, in a low but resolute tone, 'have you not *said* publicly that you had it back again? If you make the slightest disturbance I will have you turned out of the house.'

'And I *made* no disturbance,' interrupted Wahlen, 'for two reasons. First, I was properly punished for forgetting where I was, and what I was doing; and secondly, the juggler's unparalleled audacity deserved its reward.'

'Ah! Jacob Wahlen,' said Vincent, pleasantly, 'you are a perfect mystery. You will become in due time a great German professor; and when you die—distant be the day—you will doubtless say, as your admired Hegel said: 'I shall leave behind me but one man who understands my doctrines, and he does *not* understand them.'

'Perhaps,' ejaculated Jacob Wahlen; and having uttered this single word in reply, he was again deep in his philosophical revery.

Here three or four of the company went across to the billiard-room.

'Well, Franz, are we not to see the picture after all?' said the Italian.

'I tell you the truth, Signor Italiano, I cannot paint it. I have sketched and rubbed out, and sketched again; it's of no use.'

'Why don't you do what some of your craft have done before you?'

'What is that?'

'Drive a trifling bargain with the old gentleman down stairs.'

'I won't do that. I believe in the devil, but don't think him a good artist; he colors too highly.'

'You must admit he *draws* well,' said Vincent.

'He's not the subject for a joke, at any rate,' replied Franz.

'Franz is low-spirited, I do believe.'

'Supposing he is,' said Clements, 'it is as it should be. You know the saying: 'Melancholy is the characteristic of the German; wit of the Frenchman; gallantry of the Spaniard; love of the Italian; and, I am almost too modest to add, sense of the Englishman.'

'While a happy combination of all you find only in the American—ahem!' said Vincent, laughing. 'But come, Franz, permit us to run up into your rooms, and see what you have done.'

'You shall, with pleasure, but the picture I cannot show you.'

Three or four of us accordingly followed our friend to the top of the house, where, of course, we had been often before. The appearance of the room was like that of every artist. One beheld the usual arrangement for light, the easel, stands for paints, etc., one or two unfinished pictures about the room, a few exquisite old paintings, and several pieces placed on the floor and turned to the wall.

'Now, won't you change your determination and show us the picture, although it be unfinished?' said Vincent.

As he said this, he took hold of one of the larger pieces of canvas, which was placed to face the wall, and, I imagine, quite involuntarily turned it around.

An exclamation of horror fell from every one, succeeded by a breathless silence, as our eyes were *fixed*, as if by enchantment, on the painting.

It was that of a young girl, no more than seventeen, having a classical face, with dark hair and eyes. In saying this I have said nothing. It was the expression which made the painting what it was; and yet there *was* no expression which one should recognize as human: and as for the eyes, they seemed, while you looked at them, *to creep into you*.

While we were thus standing transfixed, Franz rushed forward, and seizing the picture, turned it back again, exclaiming: 'For Heaven's sake, not that—not that!'

'Ah, my dear fellow, you are not yourself this evening; we will not tease you any more: but pray tell us what moves you so?' I said.

'The fact is, the black dog has been sitting all day on my left shoulder, as my Scotch friend Macdonald used to say. I do not know why or wherefore; and now you have turned around that picture, which has not been touched for a twelvemonth, I shall carry two black dogs instead of one; perhaps it will help to balance the load. At any rate, I will show you the unfinished thing you came to see, although I said I would n't. It will create a diversion at least.'

'No, Franz,' said Clements, 'you did not wish us to see it, and we will not look at it. But we have a request to make; I think I can speak for the rest. We want to know if the picture we have just seen is drawn from life?'

'I perceive,' replied Franz, in a more cheerful tone, 'that there is no escape for me. Whoever sees that picture once never rests till every thing is told. For this reason I always keep it with the face to the wall, and usually with something thrown over it; and, as I told you, I have not seen it before for a twelvemonth.'

'How could you ever have painted it?'

'*Me!*' replied the artist, with a look of terror. 'Mother of Heaven! I did not paint it! No, not I.' And Franz von Herberg stared at us for a moment as if he had forgotten who we were. He quickly recovered, and said hastily: 'Sit down—sit down; you shall hear what I have to tell about that painting. But, in the first place, let me ask if any one of you wishes to examine it more closely; if so, you are to do it before I commence, for when I have finished you must not ask to see it.'

No one expressed the least desire for another look, so fearful, I may say so terrible, was the effect of the first sight upon each one of us.

Whereupon Franz took the picture, and, without changing the position, placed it in his closet, and threw a quantity of loose papers over the canvas. Then bolting the door, he drew his chair toward us, and commenced as follows :

THE TERRIBLE PICTURE.

‘‘LIFE is not a particular form of body, but the body is a particular form of life. The body relates to the soul as the word to the thought.’ So says old Jacobi. He did not address artists, but artists may learn a lesson from the saying. So may you, *Messieurs* students of medicine. For myself, I always carry it in my head.

‘I don’t know why I commence by quoting Friedrich Jacobi, when I am to tell you about Ernst von Wolzogen, except that it was a favorite saying of Ernst, and since — but no matter.

‘Ernst and myself were born in the same village. He was but a year older than I, and we were placed at the same school together. From his childhood Ernst manifested a strong love for his art. At that period I had but little idea of it, and I owe to my intimacy with him my taste for painting. With a handsome person, eyes black and piercing, with long dark hair, and a magnificent brow, he certainly was the handsomest fellow I ever saw. As an artist he was bold, independent, full of original conception, no imitator, no copyist, no follower of any school, although he appreciated, as much as any one, the works of the great masters, as they are called. From the first he was remarkable for throwing *the very living thing itself* upon the canvas, in a manner which would astonish us all. There might be errors; there were errors of one kind and another; but for all that the thing itself stood before you. It mattered little whether it was a portrait, or a landscape, or a historical piece; the effect was produced. When certain faults were pointed out to him, he would say: ‘I know it—I perceive it—I will mend it by and by; but first I must see that my picture is *alive*, that it is *real*. ‘Life is not a particular form of body,’ etc.; the rest will come soon enough. We must have patience. It *will* come.’

‘Away from his easel, Ernst von Wolzogen was dreamy and superstitious. He was susceptible, too, but very shy; so that before he was one-and-twenty he had fallen in love and had his heart broken a dozen times without so much as speaking to his *inamoratas*. Once at his labors, however, all the unhappy mists which gathered about his brain were dispelled; then, and then only, he was really himself.

‘‘ART, my dear Franz,’ he would exclaim, ‘Art belongs to man only. In Art there is no divided empire.’ And he would triumphantly recite those lines of Schiller :

‘‘In diligent toil thy master is the bee;
In craft mechanical, the worm that creeps
Through earth its dexterous way may tutor thee;
In knowledge, (couldst thou fathom all its deeps),
All to the Seraph are already known:
But thine, O MAN, is ART—thine wholly and alone!’

‘I have said he was superstitious. I can hardly expect to be credited if I tell you what a slave he became to all sorts of signs, and omens, and prognostications. He believed, too, in presentiments and warnings. He

credited ghost-stories and tales of apparitions; and maintained that, were it not for our gross organization, we should all enjoy the privilege of second sight, and I do not know what else. This had a very unhappy effect on him; an effect I was quite unable to counteract, although we were bosom-companions, and had been almost inseparable from the time we commenced our studies.

'My friends,' continued the artist passionately, after a moment's pause, 'I loved Ernst. I loved him for these very weaknesses, which betokened a spirit far removed from this earth. Beyond every thing I loved him for his appreciation of our artist-life, and for having roused my soul to a proper sense of it.

'As I had much more of the practical in my composition than my friend, it fell to me to look after the economy of our every-day life, while he endeavored to carry me along with him in the rapid strides he was making in his art. We went over Europe in company. We dwelt together in Rome, in Florence, in Naples, in Vienna, in Munich, in Dresden, in Paris. We accompanied each other to see paintings and statues, and, in short, every thing worthy of examination.

'We had spent some time at Dresden, and Ernst was becoming more and more subject to the unfortunate influences I have named. I proposed, therefore, as an agreeable change, that we should go to Paris, and take apartments in a pleasant part of the town, and thus try the effect of gay and lively scenes. There was at the same time a painting in the Louvre—a landscape by Annibal Carracci, which had lately been transferred to that palace—which we both wanted to see.

'We came to Paris, and took rooms in the *rue de la Paix*. The first morning after our arrival Ernst started out alone to take a stroll through the gallery of the Louvre, in order, as he said, to report about the 'landscape.' He promised to return in an hour or two, but he did not come back till quite late in the afternoon. He was in a state of most cheerful excitement. He had not looked at the 'landscape,' but he had seen the most exquisite of all living pictures.

'Ernst was always extravagant when describing his favorites, but he now exceeded any thing he ever before said in praise of female perfection.

'Her name?'

'He did not know—he did not want to know. He only wanted to gaze on her, to be inspired by her, to worship her.

'I suppose,' I said, 'I may be permitted to visit the gallery and steal a single glance at the fair one.'

'Indeed,' replied Franz, 'you *must* see her; otherwise you have a right to think me beside myself.'

'The next day we went to the gallery together. We passed nearly half-way through the hall, when Ernst touched my arm.

'Seated before the painting by Teniers, of the 'Village Wedding,' was a young girl, scarcely more than seventeen. Her hat, and shawl, and gloves were laid aside, and she herself was so completely absorbed in transferring the scene to her canvas, that she did not appear aware of any thing that was going on around her.

'She was indeed a beautiful creature.—perfect, it would seem, in form

and feature, and apparently of great simplicity of character; and no one could witness the enthusiasm with which she pursued her employment without feeling a strong interest in her. A man-servant, in plain livery, stood behind her. This indicated the enjoyment of competent means, while a certain indescribable bearing evidenced that our young *artiste* was of gentle birth and breeding.

"What shall I do?" whispered Ernst. "I must turn copyist. Let us see; what is the next painting? 'The interior of a smoking tavern.' Pshaw! that will never do; but on the other side? Ah! 'Diogenes with his lantern looking for an honest man'—Rubens. I'll copy it. By Jove! I'll copy it! But is it honorable to take such an opportunity to be near this charming creature? Is it a fair advantage, think you?"

"Why not?" I replied; "surely, we may admire all the portraits here, whether on canvas or not; and you have certainly a right to select your position."

"I wish you could have seen the work Ernst made of copying the piece he sat down to. Sometimes his Diogenes stood out with long, black tresses, and a delicate lithe form: again the cynic would absolutely forget his lantern, and at another time omit to light it. Droll business was it for Ernst von Wolzogen, already the pride of the younger German artists, and the admiration of all who saw his productions.

"The young girl, meanwhile, was busily engaged. Acute as the sex are in recognizing an admirer, I do not believe she had any thought that Ernst was other than an artist intent upon his copy, so single-hearted was she in her own pursuits. But this could not last always. The "Village Wedding" was finished, and our heroine, after an absence of a week—during which time Ernst was inconsolable—reappeared at the Louvre, and, selecting a picture in another part of the hall, again commenced her labors. It was a landscape by Salvator Rosa, a painting calculated to call forth all her enthusiasm, and she began it with a zeal delightful to witness.

"What am I to do now?" said Ernst, despairingly. "Be near her I must: I live but in her presence. What will become of me?"

"You should paint her; then you will have her image to worship."

"Ah! would I had the right to do so; but I will not steal a portrait; I should despise myself for ever after."

"By the way, where is your Diogenes?"

"That is a most excellent joke. It is the only funny part of the affair. *My* Diogenes, indeed! No one after this will accuse me of *copying*."

"But what have you done with it?"

"Done with it? Nothing: I gave it to Laurent to amuse his children."

"Then I must get it from him. I will give him two pieces, much more suitable for children, for the one which he has, and preserve it for exhibition, when you are renowned."

"But that does me no good now. Let me reflect: I do not dare venture again to copy next her; she would certainly notice it."

"She would not: and that is why I admire her."

"Well, let us see, then, what I am to work at." We moved toward the spot where the girl was sitting.

"The dead CHRIST."

"I will not place myself there," said Ernst, emphatically. "Why will artists spend their labor on death? as if *representation* was their sole work. Believe me, it is a false idea. Life, *life* always. We have nothing to do with *dead* bodies." And he repeated his favorite quotation.

"Look on the other side."

"A sketch of Paradise." That will do. The *living* SAVIOUR is there. This I will endeavor to transfer, and *she* shall inspire me."

A short time after this conversation, I went to Havre for the purpose of taking leave of one of my relations who was about embarking for America. I was absent four days. On my return, I met Ernst standing at the entrance of our house; he expressed much satisfaction on seeing me, and appeared, I think, more cheerful than usual."

Here Franz von Herberg stopped and mused for a moment.

"*Messieurs*," he continued, "what I am about to relate was told me by Ernst himself. I will proceed and take up the story from the time of my leaving for Havre, until my return to Paris—a period, I have said, of four days."

"On the day of my departure, Ernst went as usual to the Louvre, and took his accustomed seat. He had really done something toward copying Tintoret's Paradise, and was certainly much improving it. I have it now in an unfinished state, and you shall see it. The girl, too, was busy with her pencil, while the very proximity made Ernst sufficiently happy. The next day Ernst resumed his seat at the usual time, but the young girl was not there. A half-hour passed, and she did not come. Five minutes more—Ernst saw her walking along the gallery. His heart beat tumultuously. He could scarcely restrain his emotion. As the object of his devotion approached, he perceived that she was not accompanied by the man-servant who invariably attended her. She walked, however, rapidly forward, cast an uncertain glance around, then placed a chair for herself, and arranged for her morning's occupation. Ernst observed, however, that her countenance bore a troubled look, and that her dress was in disorder, and some parts of it seemed to have been recently soiled and dragged with mud from the street. She continued to wear both hat and shawl. This of itself would scarcely have attracted Ernst's notice, were it not for the strange appearance which the young girl exhibited. So much was he carried away by it, that, forgetting his previous resolution, he seized his pencil and commenced sketching her."

"While he was thus engaged, and utterly absorbed in the occupation, the subject of his sketch rose and stepped toward him."

"Ernst colored crimson, and, like a guilty wretch, unconsciously drew aside the paper on which he was drawing."

"You were taking me?" she said.

"On my honor," cried Ernst, deeply moved, "on my honor, it was involuntary;" and he tore the paper in pieces to prove his sincerity.

"But do you desire to paint me?"

"Ernst dared not raise his eyes. His first impulse was to fall at her feet and pour out his soul to her, for the tone in which she asked the question implied a willingness to grant the favor."

"Do you desire to paint me?" she repeated.

"I would ask nothing more in this world, could I have permission."

"It is granted. But you must come *now*. I can give you but *one* sitting."

"I will attend *Mademoiselle* immediately."

"Nay, I will attend *you*."

Ernst hesitated.

"*Monsieur* is losing time."

Ernst von Wolzogen was taken by surprise. What could it mean? Had he mistaken the character of his adored object? No; he could swear — No! Was it possible? Had she discovered his secret devotion, and was she therefore willing to show him this favor from a sense of pity? As yet Ernst had not presumed to look at her, but sat spell-bound.

"We lose time," she whispered softly.

Ernst started up, and, bowing low, led the way out of the gallery.

They descended the steps together, and stood on the pavement. Ernst beckoned for a carriage. His companion uttered a faint exclamation, too indistinct to be understood, and said hurriedly, "I will walk."

They proceeded on in silence. Reaching the house, the young girl followed Ernst up the stair-case and into his apartment.

"Where," said she, "shall I sit?"

Ernst hastened to place his visitor; then he arranged the canvas, and deciding on what he thought the proper distance, he seized his brush.

For the first time, he now looked steadily at his companion.

She had thrown aside her hat and shawl. Her hair, escaping from its fastening, lay in disorder over her shoulders. The face — the eyes! Ernst dropped his brush. He was terror-stricken.

"We lose time," once more she repeated.

Ernst again took up the brush; he fixed his eyes boldly on the sitter; he set to work; he grew more and more excited; touch after touch was laid on; no point was omitted. His labor was so intense that he felt his breath shortening and his pulse throbbing as he proceeded.

"The hour has expired: I must leave you," said the girl; and she rose to depart.

"Stay — stay; in HEAVEN'S name, stay — one instant. The eyes, the eyes — I *must* have another glance."

She turned her head; she fixed her gaze intently on Ernst for at least a minute; then waving her hand to prevent his following her, she slowly walked away.

Ernst continued at the picture the entire day, without the slightest intermission, and when evening came he laid it aside, finished. He went to bed, but he could not sleep. To use his own expression, those eyes were *burnt into him*. How would this adventure end? Would she be at the Louvre the next day? Would he ever dare address her? *Was* his visitor really the same person he had beheld so often there? She was, and she was not. What could it mean?

Ernst passed the night, his brain teeming with tumultuous thoughts, and his heart beating with violence all the time. The morning dawned, and found him feverish and excited. He rose and hastily dressed himself. His first impulse was to inspect the portrait. He went to his easel;

he looked on the canvas. His teeth chattered; his knees knocked together.

'At that instant, the woman who had charge of the room entered with his breakfast and the morning journal.

'Ernst swallowed a cup of coffee. Taking up the journal, the first paragraph which met his eyes was the following :

"**MELANCHOLY OCCURRENCE.**—Yesterday, as Mademoiselle DE LAUNY, only daughter of the Comte DE LAUNY, was proceeding in her carriage to the Louvre, which she was in the habit of visiting daily, the horses took fright near the corner of the *Rue de Rivoli* and the *Rue Castiglione*. As the postillion endeavored to curb them, one of the reins broke, and the horses becoming unmanageable ran furiously down the street, upsetting the carriage with great violence, by which Mademoiselle DE LAUNY was thrown out upon the pavement and her skull fractured. She was taken up senseless, and immediately conveyed to the residence of the Comte, where every means that medical skill could suggest were resorted to, but in vain. She continued insensible, and after the lapse of one hour, life was extinct."

'Ernst read no more, although the paragraph contained particulars of the beauty of the deceased, her accomplishments, her virtues: he threw down the journal. Did a shivering seize him? Was he maddened with excitement, or struck with horror? Quite the contrary. He was perfectly calm and tranquil. His own convictions were sustained and carried out: he felt a serious pleasure that *a sign had been made to him*.

'The following day I returned. I found Ernst, as I have said, more cheerful than usual. Never before had I seen him so free from gloomy thoughts and fancies. To be sure, he was not gay or animated, but he never appeared more rational. His favorite author was Schiller. He felt a sympathy with any thing from his pen. As we sat together the morning in which he gave me the account I have now detailed, he repeated from Schiller's dying words, 'Now is life so clear! So much is made clear and plain!' Think you,' he continued, laying his hand upon the table, 'that this base matter is more enduring than spirit? I can now answer Schiller's question :

— 'See
The marble-fessellated floor; and there
The very walls are glittering lively
In clearest hue and tint. The artist where?
Sure but this instant he hath laid aside
Pencil and colors!'

'I did not think it judicious to raise any discussion about a subject so delicate, although Ernst and I had been for years in the habit of canvassing each other's opinions with great freedom. Beside—the painting. It would have been idle, were I disposed, to assert, what I by no means felt sure of myself, that it was the work of a heated and overwrought brain; that, distracted by disappointment in not meeting the object of his passionate adoration, his feverish fancy had supplied the rest. I neither affirmed nor denied what Ernst would say, but endeavored to minister as much as I could to his prevailing cheerfulness. We continued to take our walks together; we discussed subjects of art as before; but my friend never took up his unfinished pictures; *he never again entered the Louvre!*

'Franz, I shall never paint any more,' he said to me as I was urging him to resume his labors. 'I cannot,' he continued, 'explain to you how I feel. My devotion for Art is not lessened, nay, it is stronger in my heart than ever. I am neither moon-struck nor melancholy. What has

happened to me *is natural*. But the flesh is weak. I *cannot* sit again at the easel after ——'

'He did not finish the sentence: he knew I understood him.

'Ernst proceeded: 'I must change my life. I must court an active life. I will busy myself with the practical.'

'And thy *artist-life*, O Ernst!'

'Shall still live, Franz, in my soul: it shall show itself in my deeds: they shall be humane, truthful, energetic, and so I will *create* a new picture. Behold my faith:

'Six thousand years has death reigned tranquilly!
Nor one corpse come to whisper those who die
What *after* death requites us!'

No longer am I without assurance. This is why I am cheerful, hopeful; I believe in the '*requiter*.'

'I did not attempt to dissuade him. I could not; for I was myself convinced that Ernst was right in his decision.

'His plans were not settled, but he determined first to devote a few months to travel and recreation.

'The time had come when I was to lose my early friend and companion. We parted with an understanding that we should meet during the season in our native village.

'Ernst decided to pass through Switzerland. It was as yet too early to cross the higher passes of the Alps with safety. But Ernst was always enthusiastic among such scenes, and loved the excitement attending them.

'You doubtless remember a published account, about eighteen months ago, of a company of five persons who, attempting to cross by the pass of the St. Gothard, were overtaken by a *tourmente* near the fatal *Buco dei Calanchetti*. Ernst was one of the party, and perished beneath the avalanche.'

There was a long pause after Von Herberg had concluded. It was broken by Vincent.

'Do you know,' he said, 'that story makes me feel deucedly *unsettled*? You Germans are a fearful set of fellows. What is the use of harrowing up one's fancies in this way? Franz, my dear boy, I mean no offence; with you it's all very natural, but it's too hard work for me: beside, my old aunt would say that it isn't good Bible doctrine. Gentlemen, you must all adjourn to my room. Franz, you shall lodge with me to-night; I have two beds, you know. I am afraid to leave you alone after such a narration. Lock that closet-door and throw away the key — g-h-r-r-r-r! It makes me shiver to think of it. *Allons, Messieurs*, I have some champagne-wine and a box of real Havanas just smuggled, and, what is more, I propose to tell you a story which I heard but yesterday, and which, I hope, will help us to forget this one, so that we may sleep in peace without those *eyes* — g-h-r-r-r-r! *Allons — allons*.'

Not one of the party had stirred while Vincent was making his speech. But the spell was now broken, and, accompanied by Franz, they all descended to Vincent's room, making numerous lively demonstrations on the way. The corks flew from the champagne; pipes, meerschaums, and cigars were lighted; and after a reasonable period spent in discussing their merits, Vincent was called on for the story.

D E A T H O F D A N I E L W E B S T E R .

THE deep full accents of a nation's woe,
Which mourns the havoc of the fatal blow;
The vain oblations to departed worth,
Which wrought and shone until the last of earth,
Proclaim the hero is no more, whose story
Has filled the measure of his country's glory.
Not where dark-rolling clouds of fury met,
And, mid the wrath, the sun in slaughter set,
A flash the lightnings on the field of strife,
Fast followed by the flood of failing life;
But there, where mustered in the war of mind
The arbiters and chieftains of mankind;
Where coped the champions of the intellect
In the still fight of matchless argument;
Where gathered heroes toils could not deject,
In the night-watch on Freedom's battlement,
Mightiest he stood, serenest in his might,
Calm as a statue in the pale moon-light,
Firm as a hill, whose feet roll back the sea,
And strong as tempests and the lightnings be,
When came the battle for the Right and Free!

The Master eloquent is dead; the Sage,
The Statesman, and the Man of all his age!
The seal is set! Earth hath reclaimed her dust,
And given to Heaven her glory and her trust;
Leaving the world — what Time shall not obscure
While Liberty and Gratitude endure —
The memory of his works, his well-earned fame,
Th' eternal sunshine of his glorious name.

Where floats the blood-bought banner of the stars,
The flag of Freedom, flaming through the wars;
From nation unto nation, pole to pole,
Where cry th' oppressed, and roaring oceans roll,
There can they tell who made our navies ride,
Who bade our commerce whiten every tide;
Who dared unbar the barriers to the breeze,
And gave the world the freedom of the seas!
Where treads the Greek, now more than half a Greek,
The fields, whose very stones of glory speak,
And where the sun of splendor, set, still glows
In twilight skies o'er heroes in repose;
There have they hailed DEMOSTHENES again,
Whose voice came thundering o'er the sounding main,
With cheering words to succor the oppressed,
Groaning on graves by god-like sires possessed!
Where the bald Andes lift aloft the sky,
And to the plains the condor screams from high,
There they lament the grand old chieftain's death,
Who kindled up republics with his breath!
Where, from young California's golden sand
To Old Dominion's consecrated strand;
From where the Lakes leap thundering to the Ocean
To where the Gulf careers on in commotion,
The hamlet's smoke curls peaceful to the skies,
The cities gleam, the solemn temples rise,

And Education mouldeth men of worth
 To guard the Freedom which hath blessed their birth :
 There can they tell the story of the man
 Who more than 'Roman' made 'American ;'
 Whose counsel guided, and conformed whose skill,
 A jarring State in every time of ill ;
 Whose Country was the idol of his soul,
 Her welfare his Ambition's utmost goal ;
 And in whose service, to his latest hour,
 He nobly toiled along the path of power.

The sleep is on him, and his toils are passed,
 The valley lies upon his breast at last ;
 And let him slumber, for in grand old age
 Hath gone the Statesman, Patriot, and Sage.
 But breathes his spirit in each peaceful plain,
 Made fertile with the blood of heroes slain ;
 Nor shall 'the mould upon his memory be,'
 While men shall dare, or nations shall be free ;
 Nor WEBSTER's name as household word shall fail,
 Nor one of all his radiant glories pale,
 Until the heavens shall deny their dewa,
 Until the rain-bow shall resolve its hues,
 When, in the great and awful hour sublime,
 The last cold wave of light breaks on the shores of Time.

CLAUDE HALCRO

The Fudge Papers:

BEING THE OBSERVATIONS AT HOME AND ABROAD OF DIVERS MEMBERS OF
 THE FUDGE FAMILY.

RENDERED INTO WRITING BY TONY FUDGE.

CHAPTER FOURTEENTH.

AUNT SOLOMON AT HOME.

'MORE qualifications are required to become a great fortune than even to make one; and there are several pretty persons about town ten times more ridiculous upon the very account of a good estate than they possibly could have been with the want of it.'

STEELE.

I BEG leave to return again to my most respectable and indefatigable aunt, Mrs. SOLOMON FUDGE. I delight, at times, to dwell upon her characteristics. She is an active, energetic, and large-sized epitome of the enterprising, fashionable ladies of our city. She has attempted to make her way in New-York society, and her way she is going to make. What she undertakes to do — and I quote her own words — she is in the habit of doing. That is her style, and a very effective style it is.

She is eminently a 'strong-minded' woman. If fortune had determined her lot at the head of an Orange-county dairy, she would have grown up remarkably red in the face, strong in the elbows, tyrannic in her demeanor to milk-maids, and eminent in cheeses.

As it is, the surplus energy of her character works off pleasantly in

furberelows, coach-driving, opera-going, and assiduous cultivation of respectably-connected young men. To aid in her designs upon society, she is possessed of great constitutional activity, a large share of the salary of Mr. SOLOMON FUDGE, (as well as the dividends of his coal-stock,) the promising and brilliant WASHINGTON FUDGE, and the French and finery of the daughter — my cousin WILHELMINA.

She is gratified with evidence of very perceptible gain in her advances: I see it in her air; I see it in her treatment of the whimsical Mr. BODGERS; I see it, I am sorry to say, in her comparatively negligent treatment of myself. The time was when my youthful air, jaunty toilet, and hotel habitude, rendered my visits impressive and desirable. My aunt delighted in my society; she gained from me, in a circuitous way, a great deal of information as to what was doing in polite circles; and a great many valuable hints in regard to the city education of WASHINGTON and WILHELMINA. That time is gone by. I feel myself growing, week by week, of less consideration.

Mrs. FUDGE has achieved, through the indirect and unwitting action of Mr. BODGERS, an acquaintance with that elegant young man, Mr. QUID. A little blight seems to hang upon his father's business character; in virtue of which, it is thought, the son is possessed of a large supply of ready money. As for the mother, there is little said or known about her; she lived and died in Paris, and was very probably connected with a princely family — perhaps that of the Great Mogul himself. ADOLPHUS QUID has command, as I hinted, of no inconsiderable income. This fact, in connection with his foreign antecedents and familiarity with the social arts of the gay capital, renders him a decided favorite with enterprising ladies who are possessed of fashionable and marriageable daughters.

Through Mr. QUID, Mrs. FUDGE contrives an acquaintance with young SPINDLE; who, being eminently fashionable, and having formed, as rumor reports, very distinguished acquaintances abroad, is quite a feather in the FUDGE connection. I may take occasion to remark here, that a young man of ambitious social tendencies can hardly play a better card than by forcing his way — whether by presumption or strategy — into the houses of British gentlemen of reputation. Not a few individuals have come to my knowledge who are now trading largely and successfully upon this capital alone. The matter exposes us, it is true, to the occasional querulous observations of such grumblers as Mr. CARLYLE; but, on the other hand, it supplies our choicer circles with numerous young men of sharp shirt-collars and intense interest.

For my own part, I must confess that I always feel a little doubtful of those social attractions which never seem to be appreciated except they make their appearance over seas and out of sight. One of the best ways in the world for a man to be a gentleman, is to be a gentleman — at home. But if my aunt, Mrs. FUDGE, like many another good woman, can find sufficient charm in her visitors, springing from so slender a source as the casual reception of foreign social charities, I shall neither quarrel with her judgment nor abuse her taste.

Mrs. FUDGE has educated, and is educating, WILHELMINA — to be married. It is a common aim of city education; perhaps the very common-

est. Properly pursued, it is a worthy aim; grateful to parents, and especially grateful to daughters. I am inclined to think, however, that it should not be the only aim of life, even with young ladies. Very many would probably disagree with me. Mrs. FUDGE, in her secret heart, I am confident would do so. WILHELMINA would do the same.

It is my opinion that she does justice to her education, and that a prospective husband, rich, elegant, of good position and yielding manners, is rarely out of her thoughts or foreign to her plans. I am confident that she dwells upon the topic, and shows a power and fertility of imagination in that direction which would be utterly incomprehensible, except by young ladies similarly educated. I should not wonder if she had espoused, in fancy, a dozen or more of the most distinguished-looking young men at present upon the stage of city life.

Whether such forays of fancy are of any great benefit, or, indeed, very satisfactory in the end, I am inclined to doubt. For a vast deal of time seems to me to be lavished upon this peculiar employment of the young-lady imagination. If the hours spent in those myriad conceits which attach to the thought of—a husband, were passed in that sort of self-culture which gives independent dignity, and which, in supplying high mental resources and the glow of a thousand social charities, would make the vista of a woman's life full and rich—whether husbanded or no—there would, in my opinion, be a gain for the sex.

It would be interesting to compute what proportion of the young ladies' private talk, of the city or of watering-places, bears relation, either remotely or directly, to husbands for themselves, or to husbands for some one else. It would be interesting to know what variety and fertility of discussion illustrates those moral, mental, and physical qualities which go to make up *une bonne partie*. I have sometimes thought of taking up the matter myself, and of executing a treatise upon the subject: and what with my intimacy with Aunt SOLOMON and WILHELMINA, to say nothing of BRIDGET, JEMIMA, and the like, I am confident I could achieve a very popular work.

Miss WILHELMINA, like most girls of eighteen or nineteen, has her instinctive likings, and very romantic ones at that. But under cautious motherly guidance, they have not as yet cropped out very luxuriantly. I suspect she was in love with her music-master—the delightful pale Pole already alluded to. And had Monsieur HAUSTHIZY been JOHN BROWN, of the firm of WITLESS AND BROWN, wealthy hide-dealers, and strong upon 'change, the affection would have been encouraged, doubtless, and perhaps reciprocated.

Mrs. FUDGE, however, suggests no haste. She hopes WILHE. will, for the present, play off one admirer against another—SPINDLE against QUID, QUID against SPINDLE—for some time to come. In her own mind she has little doubt that either would be easily enchained by the attractions of Cousin WILHELMINA.

My cousin WILHE.—the dear girl—who is growing more coquette every day, reasons this way, (so far as I can judge from not a little private conversation :) 'QUID, being only son, living well, and somewhat weak of judgment, (and so liable to be reasonable, and not to combat any whim of mine after marriage,) is a desirable match. SPINDLE, being better

known, a capital dancer, and somewhat *distingué* in his air, is a better man to have about one. But, being one of several children, his father still in business, and apparently healthy, he is not upon the whole so desirable a *partie*?

Cousin WILHELMINA thereupon undertakes a flirtation with SPINDLE, while she keeps an honest eye for the QUID chances. I do not know that she is to be blamed for this: she is certainly not to be blamed under the circumstances named, and for the very substantial reasons given, for preferring QUID to SPINDLE; she knows, furthermore—as well as every body else—that nothing so provokes a little faltering timidity of advance in such a young man as Mr. QUID as to witness a good round flirtation with a pleasant and jaunty friend. Indeed, I have hinted as much to my friend WILHELMINA, who thereupon wore an air of great surprise, as if she doubted the fact—all which I regarded as only a pretty coquettish way she has of playing the innocent.

It is my opinion that great innocence is the prettiest possible aid that can come to the relief of a discomfited or embarrassed city flirt. From some little observation of my own, I would recommend its cultivation in preference to any more showy qualities. WILHELMINA, for example, in talking with Mr. QUID, sometimes forgets herself into an affectionate *naïveté* of remark, which has the prettiest effect in the world; when, (as she always does,) a few moments after, she blushes at thought of her indiscretion, and apologizes, and wonders she could have been so foolish, and asks (with such an air!) if Mr. QUID would be kind enough to forget it all.

And Mr. QUID, taking the bait, stammers out an answer which he clearly does not mean, and only thinks of the shrinking, lovely creature in the shadowy barège, who shows such pretty submission; and wanders off, after a time, with as pleasant a bit of recollection of WILHELMINA as my enterprising cousin could possibly desire.

Then again Miss WILHELMINA has a pretty knack of mentioning inadvertently to Mr. QUID the little attentions she has received from Mr. SPINDLE, and Mr. So-and-So—gentleman friends of hers—and so very agreeable as they are; not that she would say that they were *altogether* attractive, but such agreeable talkers; that is, agreeable to most ladies, but, for her part, 'she detests flattery.'

I remark here, as a singular circumstance, that young ladies all detest flattery; and considering their intense dislike of it, the amount of patience which they keep in store must be enormous. The same perhaps might be said of most young men: I am inclined to think that it might.

I am gratified by the confidence which Miss WILHELMINA reposes in me. She communicates to me very freely, especially in reference to the remarks dropped in her hearing by her gentleman admirers. I am inclined to think that she likes to ascertain, in a careless way, my interpretation of their innuendoes, though she does not say this. It is certain that she listens very kindly and keenly to any gratuitous explanations of mine. Generally, however, she had surmised 'as much herself.' She is 'by no means disposed to count men in earnest—not she. She has seen too much of society for that, she hopes.'

I may remark in this connection, that most young ladies, however staid or proper, do not like to be supposed ignorant of any of the little arts of flirtation. Least of all are they willing to allow themselves to be the subjects of any delusion in that art. One might suppose, indeed, from the conversation of WILHE., that the great aim of her gentleman friends was to create in her a very undue impression of their real character and feelings, (which, doubtless, is partially true;) and that the great object of her life and conversation was so to wear her knowledge of their deceptive practices as to seem the most naïve and confiding creature in the world. To tell the truth, a very large share of the town intercourse would come safely under the same general description.

Mrs. FUDGE, being a keen observer, is a reasonably good tactician: her tactics, however, are rather *brusque*; and I have a fear that she may injure WILHELMINA's prospects in consequence.

The real state of Mrs. FUDGE's feelings I take to be this; indeed, in confidential moments I think she may possibly express herself to her daughter in this way:

'WILHE., dear, you are my only daughter, and I naturally take great pride in your success. You are now getting to an age at which you may reasonably hope to create some remark. Your father's position is a good one in the moneyed world, and also to some extent in the political. You will not forget, my dear, that your father was for some time mayor.

'WASHINGTON I hope brilliant things from on his return from Paris. He was always inclined to dancing, and he has a distinguished figure.

'Do not be in haste to be married, my dear; there is no greater mistake a young girl can make. You have advantages — great advantages. It is highly proper that you should use them. Try and be conciliating, WILHE. Young Mr. QUID is an interesting person, beside being fashionable. I hear that he is wealthy, and I would be cautious about offending him seriously. At the same time, a little piquant quarrel is often very serviceable, and gives you occasion to appear very amiable. You should treat TOMMY SPINDLE with great consideration: he is of a distinguished family, and you will find an intimacy with him — I might almost say, if I approved of such things, a flirtation — very serviceable. It will make remark and lead to inquiry, by which you will be favorably known in fashionable circles.

'Your cousin TONY (the reader will spare my blushes) I beg you to humor: he is past the age when you need have any fear of an association of your name with his; and there being a remote cousinship, I think you might banter him very familiarly. With all his conceit, he has really seen a good deal of society; and though I would by no means recommend direct questioning, yet you may pick up a good deal of instruction from him about society, without his once suspecting your design.

'Your cousin KITTY you should treat kindly. It is not necessary to be familiar. She is a poor girl, and, as you must see, quite countrified. She seems an amiable, sprightly creature, and with your advantages, WILHE., of position and of wealth, would very likely have been a belle. I think young SPINDLE has met her, and is pleased with her. You should take occasion to speak kindly of her to him — especially of her beauty and her naïve country manner. You need not, however, call it 'country

manner.' That will of course suggest itself to him. Where it can do no harm, as in this instance, always show yourself amiable. You might even venture the wish that 'you were in her place—so poor;' as in that event you could be sure that your admirers were sincere. Your own good sense, WILHE., will suggest the wistful look that should always accompany such a remark.

'BRIDGET and JEMIMA are very good girls in their way, and we must invite them here some day; perhaps during Lent. But I beg you would keep yourself on your guard, and don't show a familiarity upon which they can at all presume. As they are quite poor, it might prove very awkward.'

As for my uncle SOLOMON, I suspect he has never been very much interested in the fashionable *ménage* of my aunt. It humors him to find WILHE. admired; it would humor him more to see her married to the son of a fat broker, of large expectations. He regards every thing about the town, and in the world generally, as ephemeral and sentimental, which does not have reference to stocks or good position in the moneyed circles. He delights in the respect shown him by quite a horde of bank-clerks; he admires their reverence, he is gratified by it. He has the highest regard for such benefactors of their race as the ROTHSCHILDS, and BARINGS, and the late Mr. ASTOR.

He likes to see his name in the papers: and if he could at breakfast read the announcement that 'our eminent merchant, Mr. SOLOMON FUDGE, late mayor, has, we understand, entered into partnership with the house of BARINGS, and will henceforth occupy himself with the supervision of their American business,' he would be ready to die at dinner, and leave my aunt a widow. I am confident of this.

Ambition is not without its rewards. The name of SOLOMON FUDGE is becoming more and more known in the circles and among the bill-brokers of Wall-street. The long-pursed men dwell longer upon his paper. There are hints that his Dauphin speculations have proved unfortunate; but still he is accounted rich; his carriage takes him up at three.

The FUDGES generally are talked of. The FUDGES' equipage is known, and the FUDGES' box at the opera. The FUDGES' ball is mentioned in the Sunday papers; it is known that the FUDGES were at Saratoga or at Newport. The FUDGES begin to be ranked with the SPINDLES. I find myself recognized by ambitious members of the New-York Club as a—FUDGE. Count SALLE (who drops his title out of respect for our institutions) knows the FUDGES; is seen with the FUDGES; absolutely visits at the FUDGES'. A great proportion of the talk of the frequenters of the New-York Hotel is—FUDGE.

The last FUDGE ball was reckoned, I am proud to say, one of the crowning triumphs of the season. In some of the details of ceremonial my advice was deemed essential. (I do not say this in disparagement of either Mr. BROWN or Mr. WELLER.) I feel justified in saying that it was fashionably attended. Mrs. FUDGE having made interest with one or two old belles of a tractable disposition, by virtue of a shower of opera-tickets and such-like attentions, had the pleasure of greeting a great many desirable people for the first time. The SPINDLE girls, after long discus-

sion, had consented to honor madame: it was remembered that Mr. FUDGE had been mayor; that the daughter was *bien élevée*; and that WASHINGTON, on his return from Paris, might turn out—who could tell?—something desirable. The PINKERTONS also had delighted the hostess by an acceptance, and sustained their dignity by keeping very much to themselves in a corner, and remarking, in an amiable way, that ‘there was really *nobody* there.’ The SPINDLES, it may be remarked, who were of a different set, had previously made the same playful observation. The HOBBS and JENKINES, being unknown to each other and the before-mentioned parties, were of the same opinion—‘that there was really *nobody* there.’

It is not a little curious to observe how the first rash ventures of a fashionably-disposed lady upon our town society bring together a heterogeneous mixture of coteries, each circling in its own orbit, bolstering up its own dignity, and all very critical upon one another and their host. But as venture succeeds venture—if only the husband’s forbearance and liberality hold out, and the daughter’s graces or expectations make the risk a secure one—it is interesting to notice how the floating elements seem to combine, and the impurities settle away through the sieve of womanly discernment, until our adventuress becomes an established lady of the town, her daughter the toast of aspiring boys at SINCLAIR’S, and herself a very leviathan in the boudoir.

Mrs. FUDGE, on the particular occasion alluded to, was earnest in her receptions, and very red in the face: at best it is hot work, but with my aunt SOLOMON’S intensity of manner, I am sure it must have been fruitful.

Desirable young men were even more abundant than the same quality of ladies. They are, I observe, by far less fastidious in their socialities than the gentler sex: beside which, the suppers on such occasions are specially bounteous, and fresh flirtations offer with those bouncing parvenues, who are very apt to put on a little boldness of manner and familiarity of approach, to cover, as it seems to me, a certain lack of the *savoir faire*.

Count SALLE, with eye-glass and white waist-coat, set off with crimson edging, was absolutely ravishing. His devotion to Miss WILHELMINA was unbounded; and I have my suspicions that he uprooted many of those tender feelings which my cousin had previously entertained for young men generally, Mr. QUID in special. It was delightful to witness the matronly pride with which my indulgent aunt regarded this new and brilliant conquest. It is quite impossible to picture the irradiation of her face: only the presence of WASHINGTON, to bewitch the three Miss SPINDLES—a feat he would undoubtedly have accomplished—was needed to complete her triumph.

I cannot say that any unusual or important incident occurred. At a New-York party they do not ordinarily occur. I should say, that importance of any kind did not often belong to such gatherings. Indeed, I have long been at a loss to determine what special and definite interest can belong to a crowded party of the city. The loss of a coat-tail, or of a new hat, or even of sobriety itself, is not to be spoken of. And it has always seemed to me that there was far more of rational good-humor

and social *bonhomie* at a smaller gathering, and that your *jam* proper bore about the same relation to a fairly-filled room of genial people, who are not shy of each other, that a fashionable dinner-party—where you have to gauge your conversation by the card upon your neighbor's plate—bears to the old sort of cozy companionship of four good fellows over a generous joint and a pot-bellied little decanter of South-side wine.

Of course my aunt thought differently; and so thought WILHELMINA; and Uncle SOLOMON yielded to it, as one of the disagreeable necessities of what Mrs. FUDGE calls their 'growing position.' I have heard of other husbands who have yielded in the same way, and for the same reasons.

I said that no incident occurred: I mistake. An incident did occur. It was verging toward the middle of the night. Madame was fully satisfied that WILHELMINA had acquitted herself bewitchingly, and had succeeded in captivating that elegant gentleman, the French count. She had gratulated herself on having won such honor in the eyes of the PENDLETONS as would entitle her to a respectful bow from their carriage ever after; she felt sure of this. She had even ventured across the room, to drop a few encouraging words to that neglected lady, the elder Miss SPINDLE, when she was startled by the abrupt entrance of a stout, middle-aged gentleman, with his arm swung in a yellow bandanna, and accompanied by a fairy, timid creature in full white, with only a sprig of geranium in her bosom and a trailing bunch of fuchsia in her hair.

It is needless to remark that I speak of TRUMAN BODGERS and KITTY FLEMING.

It is needless to remark that the kind-hearted Mr. BODGERS addressed Mrs. FUDGE in his most friendly way:

'How d'ye do, Cousin PHÆBE?—how d'ye do? KITTY and I thought we would take a look in upon ye, and here we are. Blowy evening out, Squire, (addressing Uncle SOLOMON,) but you're looking uncommon well; no rheumatiz, I hope? As for Cousin PHÆBE—'pon my word, PHÆBE, you look as smart as when you was a gal!'

If the roof had fallen, or the gas gone out, or WILHELMINA fainted, I think my aunt would have borne it bravely. I am sure that she would have shown less agitation (bless her kind heart!) than she now manifested at meeting with an old friend. Mr. BODGERS must have observed it. It is certain that he tried every allowable means of consolation; he addressed endearing words to Mrs. FUDGE; he bade her 'bear up, and keep a stiff upper lip; he patted her, with his sound arm, upon the shoulder.

Whether there was not a little lurking humor in Mr. BODGERS' face, as he walked off with Mr. SOLOMON FUDGE, is more than I can say. But I may take occasion to observe, that true refinement is never embarrassed by contact with seeming vulgarity; and only those sailing under the flag of a weakly power drop their colors at sight of a strange craft. There is a repose of manner in that woman who is always conscious of right intention and only modest endeavor, which rises by its own buoyancy to the height of dignity in any and every presence.

Miss KITTY possessed that pretty diffidence of manner and look which attracts, in the town assemblages, not less for its intrinsic charm than for

its exceeding rarity. Indeed, I suspect that she created a diversion among the besiegers of my cousin WILHELMINA, which may possibly work unexpected consequences. And she did this all the more effectively (let me say, for the benefit of those concerned) because she did it quite unconsciously.

Mr. QUID, who had breakfasted in company with lords, and accomplished many similar social feats, appeared to be quite charmed with the native graces of KITTY, and paid her a degree of attention which proved a very successful offset to the coquetries of WILHELMINA *à propos du Comte*.

There is something, after all, in a fair and honest girlish brow, though it be not set off with the arts and the smirks of the town education, which steals its way to the inner places of even a bad man's heart, and which kindles in him a little wishfulness of better things than belong to the high-road of blazoning fashion. But woe be to the pure-hearted girl that yields to the first gush of town admiration which her innocence will demand: for the chances are, that she will find it, however native in its burst, a very feeble and quick-consuming offering upon that altar of a heart where only truth and nature have kindled flames!

How it happened that Mr. BODGERS and Miss KITTY should be in such place at such time, and how my little cousin KITTY sustained herself under the exuberant addresses of Mr. QUID, I must take another chapter to tell.

— Not, however, before I go back to follow the Parisian advances of my excellent male cousin, GEORGE WASHINGTON FUDGE, whom I left amid all the delightful experiences of an intrigue with the elegant Miss JENKINS.

CHAPTER FIFTEENTH.

AN INTRIGUE BY WASH. FUDGE.

'He that will undergo
To make a judgment of a woman's beauty,
And see through all her plasterings and paintings,
Had need of LYCNEUS' eyes, and with more ease
May look, like him, through rime mud walls, than make
A true discovery of her.'

MASINQUE.

MASTER FUDGE had discovered, if I remember rightly, that the *incognita* of the masked ball could be none other than his old companion of ship-board, Miss JENKINS. He exulted, if I remember, in the discovery. It certainly was amusing. In some sense it must have been a triumph. He felt that he was gaining ground. He enjoyed his mirror excessively. Paris observation had not been in vain. He had grown killing. I think, in view of the circumstances, I might be allowed to express a certain degree of pity for Miss JENKINS.

WASHINGTON FUDGE, however, did no such thing—not he; the inexorable, the complacent, the ravishing, the elegant, the merciless WASH. FUDGE! It is really painful to think what a hecatomb of young ladies are annually offered up, sacrificed, burnt, absolutely consumed, in the devotional fires which such young men inspire! I have just now in my mind's eye several who, by their own fearless admission, (the cannibals!) carry oceans of tender girl-blood upon their skirts!

Their fearful cruelties they wear like honors, and prey ferociously, summer after summer, upon poor, weak, harmless, unresisting women. It is my opinion that they should be restrained, caged, bound with pink ribbons, their moustaches shaven — any thing, in short, to prevent the sad ravages which they are committing in the great world of hearts! It is my opinion that such restraint or imprisonment would not be felt, except by the parties themselves; it is certain that the world of business would not feel it; or of politics, or letters, or science, or any thing else that ever engages a really manly appetite.

Now Mr. FUDGE was growing riotous one fine morning over this strange and unexpected conquest of his, when he was agreeably startled by the receipt of still another perfumed billet from the same hand as before, full of pretty praises of his gallantry and his finesse of spirit, and offering, in courtly terms, the privilege of another interview, always, however, under the same precaution of the mask and secrecy.

Such an intrigue, so mysterious, so rich, and offering such staple for talk among the boys at home, was vastly gratifying to Mr. FUDGE. The notes he guarded as trophies, and the second adventure proved even more mystifying than the first. Miss JENKINS was certainly most adroit in her manoeuvres. WASH. FUDGE ventured to hint, in a timid manner, the possible identity of his domino with a certain fair young lady of Atlantic experience, etc.

To all which inuendoes the domino replied by very significant shrug and deft management of her fan; intended, perhaps, to allay suspicion; but in this particular instance tending to confirm it to a very remarkable degree. I shall enter no defence of the inhumane manner in which my cousin WASH. FUDGE exulted in his conquest of the heart of Miss JENKINS. It deserves no sympathy; it was barbarous. I am convinced, if ladies knew the inhumanity of most young men in this respect, they would be more cautious.

My Paris hero determines to call upon Miss JENKINS, and to intimate in his graceful manner that 'the secret was out,' that he felt sensible of the honor conferred, etc. His professor, who seems well posted in the *morale* of these things, highly approves the procedure. He warns him, however, that a lady in such a position will naturally avail herself of a thousand playful *equivokes*.

I beg leave then to attend WASH. FUDGE as he makes his way, upon a cheerful afternoon, after his usual two-o'clock bottle of *vieux Macon*, to the second floor of a substantial hotel in the Rue Rivoli. A little tremor did very possibly overtake him as he ascended the waxed stair-way, and listened to the distant tinkling of the bell, *au seconde*. It is not the easiest matter in the world, after all, to approach a pretty lady, who has made some coy advances. Ladies, I have remarked, bear that sort of face-to-face encounter much better than the men — especially such very young men as my innocent cousin WASH. FUDGE.

Howbeit, with the *vieux Macon* tingling pleasantly in his brain, and the memory of his last interview diffusing an agreeable warmth over his system, Mr. FUDGE awaited, in one of those charming little salons which overlook the garden of the Tuilleries, the appearance of his adventurous *intrigante*.

That she should take a little time to prepare herself for the ordeal was a circumstance which seemed to Mr. FUDGE at once highly proper and natural.

Miss JENKINS is looking well—very well. Those Paris modistes do somehow give a very telling tournure even to the frailest of American beauties. Her face and eye, however, were all her own.

Mr. FUDGE was delighted to meet Miss JENKINS—‘quite.’

Miss JENKINS manifests a very gracious surprise.

Mr. FUDGE hopes that she is well—‘indeed, he need not ask; the fatigues of Paris life do not seem to overcome her.’

‘Not at all.’

‘Yet the balls are rather serious.’

‘You find them so, Mr. FUDGE?’

‘Ah, not fatiguing, by no means, *au contraire*; but what do you think, Miss JENKINS, of three o’clock in the morning, in close domino and cruel mask——’

‘Indeed, I am not familiar with such experience, Mr. FUDGE.’

‘Not familiar? (a playful *equivoque*, thinks Mr. FUDGE;) and perhaps Miss JENKINS has never ventured to amuse herself in this way,’ with a leer, that somewhat surprises our American lady.

‘You are quite right, Sir.’

‘Ah, quite right, I dare say, Miss JENKINS, (another playful *equivoque*;) and do you fancy, Miss JENKINS, that those rich eyes could be mistaken, or that delicate hand?’ (Mr. FUDGE proposes to take it.)

‘Sir!’

‘Seriously now, Miss JENKINS,’ and Mr. FUDGE throws a little plaintive honesty into his tones, ‘had I not the pleasure of a delightful promenade at the masked ball with a most graceful and piquant lady, and that lady—could it—could it, Miss JENKINS, be any other than yourself?’

‘What does this mean, Sir? Do you imagine I could so far forget myself?’

‘Piquante as ever!’

‘But, Sir——’

‘Oh, it’s all right, Miss JENKINS; only a little continuation of the play.’

‘You are impertinent, Sir.’

‘Ah, Miss JENKINS, Miss JENKINS, (with very tender plaintiveness,) and with these sweet notes (taking them from his pocket) in such a dear little, lady-like hand; surely you will not be so cruel.’

‘Sir, are you aware to whom you are talking?’

‘Perfectly, (the *vieux Macon* is in the poor young man’s head;) to the divine Miss JENKINS, the *domino qui domine tous cœurs*!’

‘Sir, you are insufferable!’ and Miss JENKINS, rising, rings the bell angrily.

‘MARIE, you will show this gentleman the door.’

It was a conjuncture my cousin WASH. had not anticipated—a very disagreeable conjuncture. He, however, summons resolution to kiss his hand to the ‘divine’ Miss JENKINS, and passes out. His embarrassment is not relieved by the reception, a few hours after, of the following rather disagreeable note from his late fellow-passenger, Mr. JENKINS:

'Mr. FUDGE will much consult his own advantage in abstaining from the imposition of any more of his drunken and impertinent fooleries upon the society of my daughter. THOMAS JENKINS.'

This was not complimentary; young FUDGE and the old professor, who was in some measure a confidant of advances, were agreed upon this point.

Another happy adventure, however, of the opera-house ball restored the tone of Mr. FUDGE's complacency; but what was his extraordinary surprise, to find that his charming *incognita* was perfectly informed of his interview with Miss JENKINS, and rallied him not a little, in her piquant way, and with the most voluble fore-finger in the world, upon his 'drunken impertinences!'

Paris is surely a very strange place; and what with blind doors in the wainscots, and hangings, and NAPOLEON's secret police, there was great food for the young and playful imagination of Mr. FUDGE, junior.

Our hero was growing confused; a fact which, under the circumstances, will hardly appear unnatural. What might have been the result of this confusion, if unrelieved, it would be hard to say. He however found relief. In answer to the urgent solicitations pressed by him upon an evening at the ball, it was his good fortune to receive one of the most gracious little notes in the world—always written in the same delicate hand—inviting him, in the name of the *Comtesse de GUERLIN*, to a '*petite soirée*, at No. 10, Rue de Helder (*au premier*).'

A countess!—happy WASHINGTON FUDGE! thrice happy Mrs. SOLOMON FUDGE! Who could have imagined that the weak-limbed son of the plethoric SOLOMON, that the late incumbent of a college-bench at Columbia, and the cherished son of Mrs. PHOEBE FUDGE, (late BODGERS,) should have won such brilliant conquest of a scion of the noble stock of Europe? Not one—not one! I feel sure.

Yet it is true. He is there, at length, at the goal of his hopes; in the presence of a blooming dowager, who may have been forty, but better preserved than most American ladies of seven-and-twenty; and possessing that airiness of manner and delicacy of figure which, joined to a fair skin, keen black eye, and glossy ringlets, were calculated to weigh upon the heart of our susceptible cousin WASH. like the graces of seventeen. I doubt if he even now admits that her years had run to four-and-twenty.

There was an elderly gentleman present, in white hair and white moustache, and in half-military dress, who received Mr. FUDGE in quite a stately way: perhaps he was the father of the Countess; perhaps he was a count himself, or something of that sort; who knew?

But here I shall allow WASHINGTON to describe matters for himself. I shall quote from a letter with which I have been favored by one of his young friends at BASSFORD'S. Nothing is altered, except the spelling. I observe that young persons familiar with French are apt to spell English badly.

'You should have seen the apartments,' he says, 'the neatest, genteel-est thing you can possibly imagine, with *or-molu*, and *chef-d'œuvres*, and all that; beside the delicatest statuettes. There was an old gentleman present, with white moustache, very distinguished-looking—might have been her uncle.

'She whispered to me, as I came in, '*Vous vous rappelez du bal masqué, mon cher ?*'

'*Mais oui,*' says I, '*Madame.*'

'*Eh bien — pas un mot !*' and she glanced at the old gentleman in the corner.

'Enough said,' thinks I. Gad, ain't I a lucky dog, Fred ?

'She is devilish pretty; and these French women have such an artless, taking way with them! She presented me as a young English friend — ha, English! good, is n't it? — and highly recommended, *d'une famille distinguée* — FUDGE. Gad, the old lady would prick up her ears at that!

'There was a Marchioness Somebody came in, in the course of the evening; a splendid-looking woman, but no equal to *ma belle*. There were two or three distinguished-looking men — officers of the government, I thought; and we had a little *écarté* together. I won some forty or fifty francs; did n't like to take it exactly, but they insisted. They are devilish stylish, and no mistake!

'Since the first evening, I have been there frequently; and taken a drive or two in the Countess's *coupé* out to the Bois de Boulogne. Of course I have made her some magnificent presents; and, egad, I believe the old gentleman in the white moustache begins to be afraid that the Countess is a little tender my way!

'We play a little every evening; sometimes the luck runs rather against me; in fact, I am a little ashamed to be always winning in such company. The other evening I was in for seven hundred francs. But the Countess insisted I should n't pay down, as I would be sure to win them back.

'And faith, so I did; but the night after was down again to the tune of one thousand. However, I fancy it will all come out about even.

'I have tried to find how the Countess knew so much about me and my affairs, but she always staves it off in the prettiest way in the world. She has got an idea, too, that I am confounded rich. I tell her it is n't so; at which she makes up the prettiest and most coquettish face in the world.

'I met on her stairs the other day my old professor. It struck me, at first, that perhaps he knew her, and had 'peached' on me. But it can't be.

'She tells me I speak too well to need a professor any more; and she has the delicatest way of saying, '*Mon cher, tu parles bien Français; pas tout à fait comme Parisien, mais — si gracieusement !*'

'There is a Colonel DUPREZ I meet there, who was something distinguished in Algiers; he plays devilish well at *écarté* — most full of anecdote; he must have suffered immensely in his day — but not at cards, I reckon.

'P. S. I have just come in from the Rue de Helder. It's about two A. M., and I am devilish nervous. To tell the truth, I am in for seven or eight thousand francs. The Countess bet on my hand, and I thought myself safe. She do n't seem to mind the loss at all.

'I am afraid the old man will get wind of the matter. If you happen

up at the house, do talk to the old lady about the deuced expense of living in Paris; at least, in genteel society — that'll touch her.

'I may work it off to-morrow. But the Colonel has got an I. O. U. from me. My bankers are about dry, and I shall have to come down for a cool three thousand. I hope devilishly that the Dauphin is doing a good business, and the old man in good humor.

'Remember me to the boys.

WASH. FUDGE.'

Brave WASHINGTON! learning very much of the world; making brilliant conquests; a familiar guest in the salons of countesses; polishing for a bold stroke at home; making a proud son for old SOLOMON and Aunt PHEBE to doat upon; speaking French *si gracieusement* — how we shall welcome you home!

A U T U M N L E A V E S .

WHIRLED on high or rustling low,
Hurried past or circling slow,
Full of meaning as they go,
Drive the Autumn leaves.

Like the burthen of a strain
Often heard and lost again,
Comes the fitful, wild refrain
Of the Autumn leaves!

Once as full of sap as we,
Sere and withered though they be;
And a future time shall see
Us like Autumn leaves:

Scarlet leaves that cannot fade,
Mixed with those of sadder shade;
Some in ever-green arrayed,
Even Autumn leaves.

As we sweep adown the stream,
Shall we bright and cheerful beam,
Or morose and thankless seem?
Ask the Autumn leaves!

Let the Life adorn the lot:
Joyless is the fairest spot
If a smile illumine it not,
Teach the Autumn leaves.

Summer may be on the wing,
And aside the livery fling;
Still there were no joyous Spring
But for Autumn leaves.

October, 1852.

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

THE HISTORY OF HENRY ESMOND, Esq., Colonel in the Service of Her Majesty Queen ANNE.
Written by Himself. By W. M. THACKERAY. In one pamphlet-volume: pp. 193. New-York:
HARPER AND BROTHERS.

THE presence among us of the gifted author of 'Vanity Fair' and 'Pendennis,' and the interest which his admirable lectures are exciting in this metropolis, will give additional popularity to the work before us. Not having had, at the late hour at which we received the volume, an opportunity to peruse the work, and being unwilling to postpone a reference to it until another month, we take occasion to copy and endorse the discriminating and felicitous comments of a critic in the *Daily Times* of this city: 'Except MACAULAY's History, no work has of late been so anxiously awaited as this new novel by THACKERAY. It was partly curiosity to see how the author would acquit himself in a new sphere; how the artist who had produced the clever drawings in 'Yellowplush,' and the brilliant portraits in 'Vanity Fair' and 'Pendennis,' would succeed upon a large canvas, and in the more subdued style demanded by a historical picture. Yet this was not all. We feel toward THACKERAY as we do toward few authors. We debate whether or no BULWER's 'Novel' is equal to 'The Caxtons,' but we care about it only as our own enjoyment as readers is concerned. But had 'HENRY ESMOND' proved a failure, we should have felt as if a personal friend had missed of success. The reason is because THACKERAY has stamped himself upon his work. He is a satirist, as keen as SWIFT, but as genial as ADDISON. Like that of CARLYLE, his literary career is marked by the bones of the shams and humbugs he has slain. Their mode of warfare is different. CARLYLE rushes upon his victims, mace in hand, and smites the life out of them with such a superabundant force that their very corpses are not recognizable. THACKERAY advances with the air of a gentleman, bows to his opponents, crosses weapons; your eyes are blinded for a moment by a dazzling play of light, when you perceive him coolly wiping his blade. The victim smiles, perhaps, as though, like the slave in the Eastern story, he had only felt something cold passing through him, and never discovers, till he attempts to move, that he has been cloven through from shoulder to thigh; then indeed he tumbles asunder, a sham dead for ever.

'It is no very useful task to draw comparisons between great authors, farther than in respect to specific characteristics. But we can assign no one his proper place except by comparison. We can designate the height of a mountain only by comparing it with something else, another mountain, for instance,

the pyramid or a yard-stick. As there is no common measure of intellectual or artistic power, we can measure an author or artist only by comparing him with other authors or artists. The most obvious measure of THACKERAY is DICKENS. But the former is strong precisely where the latter is weakest — in the delineation of actual human character. DICKENS has great and peculiar merits; he has a keen eye, and a still keener imagination, for eccentricities and humors. Like CRUIKSHANK, he can draw a distorted nose, a wry mouth, or a bandy leg; he can even paint a beautiful face, but he cannot put it on a proportionate body. Hence his characters, with, perhaps, half a dozen exceptions, such as PECKSNIFF, DOMBEY, and Sir LEICESTER, are not human beings; they are impossibilities, monsters, which, had they been born into the living world, could not have survived a month. Mr. JAMES fails in his characterization in quite a different way. He has no individuality. His knights, and ladies, and robbers, and horsemen — and horses too, for the matter of that — are all alike. The greatest wonder is, how he invented names for all of them. He is a most agreeable writer, a pleasant describer, with great geniality and heartiness. We have read the greater part of his works; we perused them with pleasure; but not having a copy before us while we write, we cannot call up distinctly one of his characters. Should one of them enter our room, we should not have the remotest suspicion which it was. There are portraits of SHAKESPEARE'S heroines, and SCOTT'S heroines, and you recognize the faces without the inscriptions. But what painter could draw recognizable likenesses of JAMES'S heroines? Compare with these wax-dolls the marked portraits of BECKY, and RAWDON CRAWLEY, and Sir PITT; of BLANCHE AMORY, and the BEGUM, and Old PENDENNIS, and COSTIGAN, and WARRINGTON, and NED STRONG, and Sir FRANCIS, and HARRY FOKER; and we may now add, of HENRY ESMOND and Lady CASTLEWOOD, and BEATRIX.

‘In point of style and skill in composition, HENRY ESMOND is fully equal to its predecessors. The archaisms and slight tinge of pedantry, by the aid of which the reader is carried back to the period when the scene is laid, are exquisitely managed: the historical personages who appear as secondary characters are sketched with great felicity; and the passages of moral reflection, where the author steps forward in his own person, are equal to any thing in ‘Vanity Fair’ or ‘Pendennis.’

SELECT BRITISH ELOQUENCE: embracing the best Speeches entire of the most eminent Orators of Great Britain for the last two centuries. With Sketches of their Lives, an Estimate of their Genius, and Notes, Critical and Explanatory. By CHAUNCEY A. GODDRICH, D.D., Professor in Yale College. In one volume: pp. 947. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

THIS is one of those books which are sure of being eagerly welcomed and permanently prized. It contains the master-pieces of British eloquence. The most celebrated speeches of CHATHAM, BURKE, FOX, PITT, SHERIDAN, ERSKINE, GRATTAN, CURRAN, MANSFIELD, MACKINTOSH, CANNING, and BROUGHAM, are given, with selections also from the writings of JUNIUS, and from the Parliamentary efforts of WALPOLE, CHESTERFIELD, PULTENEY, BELHAVEN, DIGBY, STRAFFORD, and ELIOT. ‘The speeches of each orator are prefaced with a carefully-prepared sketch of his life; a clear specification of the circumstances under which each speech was delivered; an analysis of the longer speeches in side-notes, giving the divisions and sub-divisions of thought; a large body of explanatory notes, bringing out minuter facts or the relation of the parties, without a knowledge of which many passages lose all their force and application; critical notes, as specimens of the

kind of analysis which the author has been accustomed to apply to the several parts of an oration; translations of the passages quoted from the ancient and foreign languages; and a concluding statement of the way in which the question was decided, with occasional remarks upon its merits, or the results produced by the decision. This volume is evidently the work of a great deal of reading and reflection, and it cannot but have a very valuable influence in improving oratorical taste. The work is surprisingly compact, and yet is in every respect complete. It is the best of all picture-galleries of British statesmen for the last two hundred years, and no one can familiarize himself with it without forming a higher estimate of British intellect and British patriotism. The volume is brought out on fine paper, and in clear double-columned print, and its mechanical execution in every respect befits the rare worth of its contents.'

THE FOREST. By J. V. HUNTINGTON, Author of 'ALBAN' and 'LADY ALICE.' In one volume: pp. 384. New-York: J. S. REDFIELD.

A NEW work by the author of 'ALBAN' can hardly fail to create a good deal of inquiry. Is it proper? May I read it? Might it be seen on a centre-table? Is there nothing naughty in it? These questions will surely be asked, and may be answered, so far as our opinion is an answer, that this book has the beauty of 'LADY ALICE,' and more than the strength of 'ALBAN,' without the blemishes of either of those works. It imitates, or excels the former in the richness and power of description, the keen artistic perception of natural beauty, and a very unusual facility at painting a picture in words. 'LADY ALICE' describes scenes that have already employed a thousand pens, the landscape of the Old World; but here we have the forest, the rapid, the lake of the New: not geographically nor mathematically depicted; not colored in the old hard tints so common in pictures of American scenery; not, in a word, setting down what the eye hath seen and the ear heard, but giving the result of what the soul hath felt after long, silent, religious musing. So that the reader sees and hears as plainly as if he were standing in the wilderness solitude, or shooting in his bark-canoe, down the current toward the rapid, or staggering under his burden round the difficult portage. We may cite, in example, the opening description; the description of the water-fall, and what it symbolizes, at page 135; the lake-chase beginning at the thirty-fifth page; the trout-fishing, etc., etc.

Whatsoever is unnatural injures pure artistic, dramatic effect, and 'LADY ALICE' has, we think, much unnaturalness. 'The Forest' is in as admirable unity in this characteristic as in others: there does not exist in any of its dramatic positions the least exaggeration, which is very remarkable in the midst of so much power. The liberal philosopher, convulsed by spasms of pain, page 262, is an instance of this, and the really grand description of ALBAN's declaration, page 269, *et seq.*, a still finer one. Sparkling through these descriptions are sweet poetical thoughts, which, like a bit of bright red in a quiet picture, relieves the quietness without appearing intrusive: a thought which, while it harmonizes entirely with the unity of the description, and brightens the whole picture, is yet not one essential to its perfect finish. MARY DE GROOT making the sign of the cross, her little hand goes across her breast from left to right, 'like a white dove alighting.' In the midst of the mighty forest stands the clear oak-glade, and

'in the fall of leaf, the penitential season of nature, the young oaks wear violet chasubles, like priests in Lent.'

As for MARY DE GROOT and ALBAN, they have greatly improved as they grow older: they have gained propriety without losing innocence; are wiser, more chastened, and to us who love old civilization, are infinitely pleasanter acquaintances in the Forest than they were in the City of Elms, on the hurricane-decks of steam-boats, amid their New-England relatives, or in the drawing-rooms of New-York. Voluptuousness, even the most purely artistic, is dangerous: even if it do not offend the good, it will minister to the unwholesome imaginations of unripe youth or prurient senility; and we are therefore rejoiced to see that no form of it is visible in the Forest. All the other characters have become chastened and subdued by time, and we like them the better for it. As for JANE, we never did care much about her, and we don't now. She is a nice young woman, and makes a good end: *tant mieux*. Had she not done so, *tant pis*.

The Indian scenes are tranquilly yet beautifully drawn; and we hope soon to see, from the same pen, a fuller portraiture of them and of their forest home.

Highly as we estimate this book, it has one very great blot. What were a book without one? In the midst of the quiet beauty, and the natural unity of the most vivid dramatic scenes, this defect is keenly felt. We allude to the pilgrimage to the tomb of the Iroquois Martyr, pages 382-5. Whatsoever exaltation, although excused by deep religiousness and mental anguish for a father's moral and physical illness, is revolting to human nature, has no business in a novel, and we are sorry to see it in this case. The extent of the penance in its full horror is, it is true, only hinted at, but is the more vividly seen on that very account. When the condemned man is led off the stage to be shot, and we hear the report from behind the scenes, we are as much moved as if the execution had taken place before us: often more moved, for the excited imagination is left to itself, and can readily surpass the conception of the dramatist. When human anguish had been painted as far as words and action could do it, and yet a deeper woe must be shown, the Greek dramatist bade the mourner veil her face in her robe. It is nothing to the purpose that MARY escapes the actual application of the scourge, by fainting. That information comes too late: the horror has already been felt.

HOMES OF AMERICAN AUTHORS: comprising Anecdotal, Personal, and Descriptive Sketches, by Various Writers. In one volume: pp. 366. New-York: GEORGE P. PUTNAM AND COMPANY.

MR. PUTNAM has certainly out-done even himself in the production of this very beautiful volume. Its illustrations are admirable. There are nineteen fine engravings on steel, fifteen on wood, printed in tints, and fifteen fac-similes of manuscripts of the authors whose 'homes' are described by their biographers and the artists, from the princely residences of EVERETT and LONGFELLOW in the East, to the unpretending mansion of Mr. ROACH, the half-yearly residence of his son-in-law, Mr. SIMMS, the voluminous Southern novelist. Designing to make this volume the subject of a more elaborate article hereafter, we content ourselves for the present by copying from the preface the explanation of the publisher, why a good many names of prominent American authors have been omitted:

'On making up a list of the authors in whom the public were imagined to feel a sufficient degree of interest to entitle them to a place in the work, they were found to be too numerous to be all included in one volume. Moreover, as it required a considerable length of time to procure draw-

ings of their homes, it would have caused the publication to be delayed nearly a year, if an attempt had been made to put them all between the same pair of covers. It was determined, therefore, to divide our Valhalla into two compartments; and to avoid the appearance of partiality, and give equal value to both, some of the greater names have been reserved for our second volume, which it is intended to publish the succeeding year.

Although there are no Abbotsfords which have been reared from the earnings of the pen, among our authors' homes, yet we feel a degree of pride in showing our countrymen how comfortably housed many of their favorite authors are, in spite of the imputed neglect with which native talent has been treated. Authorship in America, notwithstanding the want of an international copy-right, has at last become a profession which men may live by. With two exceptions, all the views are engraved from original drawings, made expressly for the work. The contributors of the descriptive portions are 'HOWARD' CURTIS, TUCKERMAN, GEO. W. GREENE, CHARLES F. BRIGGS, GEORGE S. HILLIARD, BRYANT, G. W. PECK, R. W. GRISWOLD, PARKE GODWIN, MRS. KIRKLAND, and E. E. HALE.'

HOLY BIBLE, according to the Douay and Rheinish Versions. Quarto. New-York: E. DUNIGAN AND BROTHERS, 151 Fulton-street.

AMONG the many editions of the Catholic Bible published in this city, this is the very handsomest. We do not know when we have seen a more beautiful specimen of typography. The paper is large and white, and the type beautifully clear. Each number is embellished with a fine steel engraving from the burins of GIMBREDE, DICK, PARKER, and others: the form is the most elegant for a family Bible; and the whole appearance of the work is beyond praise. What constitutes the great merit of this edition is the excellent collection of notes by Bishop CHALLONER, HAYDOCK, and others. In the list of authorities consulted are not only the names of the Catholic Fathers and divines, but the critical remarks of BEZA, BAYLE, CALVIN, GROTIUS, LUTHER, ROUSSEAU, VOLTAIRE, and WHITFIELD, are freely consulted and given. The preface is full of valuable information, and with lists and indices will furnish an abundance of historical and critical information concerning the sacred volume. There are already seven numbers published, and we cordially recommend all our Catholic friends to provide themselves with this HAYDOCK's Family Bible. The same publishers have just issued a little prayer-book, called 'Flowers of Piety,' which is really remarkable for the beauty of typography, binding, and illustrations.

THE COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS OF THOMAS MOORE: collected by Himself. In two volumes. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.

It strikes us very forcibly, that for convenient size, clearness of type, excellence of paper, and exquisite beauty of illustration, this complete collection of MOORE's poetical works, made by himself, is almost without a parallel, 'even in this our day.' Think of *seventy-five cents* each for ten volumes, every one with HEATH's or FINDEN's engravings, after the very first painters in England; the whole beautifully bound in extra cloth or finest calf! Think of such accompaniments and such accessibilities to the 'Odes of ANACREON,' 'Juvenile Poems,' 'Poems Relating to America,' 'Satirical and Humorous Poems,' 'Irish Melodies,' 'Twopenny Post-Bag,' 'National Airs,' 'Sacred Songs,' 'Evenings in Greece,' 'Ballads,' 'Lallah Rookh,' 'Rhymes on the Road,' 'Loves of the Angels,' 'The Epicurean,' etc., etc.; actually all these at seventy-five cents for each beautifully-illustrated volume! 'Enough said on *that* point!'

EDITOR'S TABLE.

DEATH OF DANIEL WEBSTER. — Our readers cannot but have seen, from past pages of the KNICKERBOCKER, that its Editor yields to no other American in fervent admiration of the Great Statesman, whose recent death has left a void which there is too much reason to fear can never again be filled. With these sentiments, we had taken up our humble pen to give such expression to them as we could command, when the subjoined communication reached us from the hand of one of our ablest contributors, the author of the well-known papers under the general title, '*Schediasms*.' We lose no time in substituting the article of our contributor for the reflections which they so opportunely and fortunately displace.

ED. KNICKERBOCKER.

"DANIEL WEBSTER IS DEAD!" — This is a solemn day for America. The mortal remains of the greatest of American statesmen are consigned to the tomb. The national flag swaying idly at half-mast in this gentle Indian-summer breeze every where meets the eye; the mournful clangor of the tolling bell loads the air with peal reverberating on peal, an anthem to the mighty dead; and the booming cannon at intervals resound near and afar off, sending the blood back curdling upon the heart with a thrill of sudden and overwhelming sadness. Millions of human hearts are beating in sad unison. The whole American people are mourners; and so, too, whosoever are our kindred in blood, or tongue, or sentiment, to the remotest confines of the earth, are mourners, and unite to swell the general strain of lamentation. On the shore of the far-resounding sea, in the quiet seclusion of Marshfield, pious hands have performed the last sad offices to the buried majesty of America; and they have left him there with the saddening roar of the ocean for his requiem, and the words 'DANIEL WEBSTER' for his epitaph.

'CALHOUN! CLAY! WEBSTER! In a little while how are the mighty fallen! Each was proudly great as an orator, lawyer, diplomatist, and statesman. The last of that glorious triumvirate, each in himself a host, is now shattered and trodden in the dust. But a few short years ago, they were all three in the full pomp of their splendid fame, the galaxy of the American Senate: now those lights have all gone out for ever! How the shadows lengthen as the sun goes down! 'Death loves a shining mark,' and these are his *spolia opima*, his chiefest spoils. CALHOUN is dead! CLAY is dead! WEBSTER is dead!

'INSATIATE Archer! could not one suffice?
Thy shaft flew thrice, and thrice my peace was slain.'

The last of our second race of giants has passed away, and the destinies of America are now committed to the guardianship of second-rate men.

'Oh for the ponderous words of the departed orator to give utterance to the august sorrow that now weighs upon the hearts of the American people! He alone, that embalmed the names of JEFFERSON and ADAMS in words of English pure and undefiled, with matchless eloquence, could have wreaked upon expression such sorrowful thoughts as now throb in every American's heart, and could have raised up a monument to commemorate the occasion more lasting than marble or bronze. But who shall do it now? The theme calls for a mighty pen. No common hand is fit for this work. Myriad voices will gush forth in eloquence and song all over the civilized world,

and the name and deeds of the mighty statesman will be echoed from the lips of millions of men; but the story can never be too well or too often told. For the

'Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Foot-prints on the sands of time.'

'I firmly believe that WEBSTER possessed a greater amount of intellectual power than any other man who has lived during the present century. His clear, concise, and irresistible logic; his graceful, elegant, compact, and finished rhetoric; his deep, penetrating, high-soaring, and comprehensive stretch and reach of thought; and withal, the gigantic power and energy of his intellect, attain to every thing of which I have ever believed the human mind capable. Add to this a person finely moulded, of large proportions; each limb and feature in keeping and tone with his colossal mind; a manner and style of carriage dignified and majestic; and a voice of vast volume and compass:

'See what a grace was seated on his brow:
The front of Jove himself;
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;
A posture like the Herald Mercury;
New lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;
A combination and a form indeed
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a Man.'

'I should wish to have seen, above all other men, PLATO and WEBSTER. I have lived a contemporary of WEBSTER, and am grateful. I saw him for the first time in old Faneuil Hall at Boston. He was then in his sixtieth year. He had just concluded the settlement of the North-eastern Boundary question, and he was still a member of President TYLER's ill-starred cabinet. It was on the memorable occasion when he pronounced a United States' Bank 'an obsolete idea.' It was a time of high excitement. He had held his peace for a long time, and the political world was all agog to hear 'what WEBSTER would say.' He stood upon a raised platform just above the heads of the audience. The hall was crowded full of anxious men. Before him heaved to and fro tumultuously a sea of upturned faces, of handsome, intellectual men, young and old. Much of what he said was personal. There was a strong feeling against him for holding his place in the cabinet after his associates had resigned. He spoke a few words, and appeared desirous to withdraw. He was an officer of the government, and he reluctantly put himself in the position of addressing a popular assembly upon the policy of the government. He stopped. His hearers would not permit him to retire. They felt he was in their power. His conduct had been wrapped in mystery, and they determined to have an explanation. In vain did he try to baffle them with a figure of speech or a classical allusion. He was fairly at bay. Then he rose in the might and majesty of his power. He spoke in words of fire, as if his lips had been touched with a coal from an altar. The vast multitude at his feet were swayed about by his iron will, as waves of the sea are fabled to have done of old, at the motion of hoary old NEPTUNE's trident. Such dignity and majesty! such eloquence and power! I was almost beside myself with admiration, and involuntarily repeated, 'In action, how like an angel! In comprehension, how like a god!' Then MILTON's sublime lines went ringing through my brain:

— 'With grave
Aspect he rose, and in his rising seemed
A pillar of state: deep on his front engraven
Deliberation sat and public care;
And princely counsel in his face now shone;
Majestic sage he stood,
With Atlantean shoulders fit to bear
The weight of mightiest monarchies; his look
Drew audience and attention still as night
Or summer's noon-tide air, while thus he spake.'

'The next time I saw WEBSTER was on the occasion of the completion of the Bunker-Hill Monument. The vast throng drawn up about him at the base of the hill presented a stupendous spectacle. WEBSTER did it full justice. An aged black-smith standing near me, whose memory seemed full of Revolutionary reminiscences, was much excited by many parts of the oration. Once he turned to me and said: 'What a speech! every word weighs a pound!' I can summon the scene before me now as if it were but the occurrence of yesterday. I see the commanding form of the orator; I gaze upon that noble countenance; I watch those terrible eyes as he opens them to their full width, and, gazing up to the very summit of the monument, he utters the pregnant monosyllables, 'It is a plain shaft.' I recall his own splendid description of true eloquence, and I realize what he means by 'noble, sublime, god-like action.' So long as reason holds her seat, or I retain any thing in my memory, these events can never lose one jot or tittle of their vividness. He did not so win my esteem as he extorted my admiration; it was impossible to repress it. I thought then, and I repeat now, our era will be known to posterity as the time when Daniel Webster flourished.

'It was the notion of a great philosopher that he himself differed from other men only in the

power of 'patient thought.' This capacity for protracted thought was doubtless the key to much of the marvellous mastery WEBSTER achieved over every subject he entered upon. There was always in his views a clearness of conception, a breadth and comprehensiveness, and an omnipotent sweep of thought, that nothing short of Herculean powers, applied by the thinking faculty, could have worked out. He seemed in his exposition of a theme to have explored every passage in the labyrinth, and to have found the clue that led with unerring certainty throughout all the twistings and windings of the subject, no matter how intricate. He put his finger upon the main artery of a subject, until the pulsation was perceptible from its extremity. And what was most wonderful, a child might follow him. If the difficulties encountered were mere intricacies, and the task was to unravel a tangled web, to balance probabilities, settle nice distinctions, set at rest distracting doubts, or reduce to order puzzling confusion, his path was a track of light, and the ghost of dubiety was laid for ever. If argument and sophistry were to be encountered, the way did not close up after him, as with common men, like water cut by the keel of a ship, but he tore up every thing opposing him, root and branch, like a tornado sweeping through the forest. His great constitutional arguments, his exposition of the doctrine of 'protection to manufactures,' of the 'right of search,' of the existence of slavery merely by 'local law,' are each grand exhibitions of his Titan power in this way. There was no mistaking him. He not only was in downright earnest and meant what he said, but he said exactly what he meant.

'The fame of WEBSTER rests upon the surest foundation. Wherever our language is read, and so long as it is a tongue known among the children of men, whether as a living or a dead language, whether the familiar speech of people or only the elegant diversion of the erudite scholar of future time, no one can pretend to a thorough knowledge of the copiousness, strength, and beauty of the English language, who has not read the speeches and writings of WEBSTER. His mere dedication of these volumes to his family was the bequest of a richer legacy than the costliest jewel that ever glittered in a crown.

'But the great claim of WEBSTER upon the attention of posterity rests upon his achievements in behalf of the American Union. If it should please God to preserve this Union until the whole American continent shall tremble beneath the feet of countless millions of people living under the laws of ALFRED, and speaking the language of SHAKESPEARE and MILTON, and the stars and stripes shall float over every capitol from the north pole to the south; or if, on the other hand, the United States of America shall hereafter live only in history and song, yet the name of WEBSTER, as one of the chief defenders of the Union, in its hour of need, can never be forgotten. If that prosperity we now enjoy shall continue to smile upon us, the tears of myriads of his grateful countrymen will still moisten the clod where his mighty spirit sleeps. Art and letters will vie with each other to do him honor, and our children will be taught to hush his name with reverence. But if, in the mysterious dispensation of PROVIDENCE, in the lapse of time 'our associated and fraternal stripes shall be severed asunder, and that happy constellation under which we have risen to so much renown shall be broken up, and be seen sinking star after star into obscurity and night,' the fame of WEBSTER will still, like the pyramid of the eastern desert, defy the tooth of time.

'It was the darling aspiration of many patriotic hearts to have seen WEBSTER President of this Union. It was fit that he whose name was so associated with every important measure of the whole government for the last forty years should have at last stood before the world as the chosen representative of the whole American People. There are lessons of wisdom it is now feared that Young America will never learn, which might have been heeded if inculcated by this great teacher, speaking from such a place. He might have put our international policy upon so sure and fixed foundation in these trying times as would have given comfort and assurance to the civilized world. He might have consolidated and made palpable that sentiment of love of the Union which it had been the office and aim of his life to inculcate, and which, in the war of passions and interests in which we are so often involved, is the real lode-stone that holds the discordant elements together. In fine, his name, like that of WASHINGTON, might have been another rallying cry in such hours of darkness and distress as may yet overshadow the Republic.

'There is one melancholy consolation in the general bereavement that now spreads its gloom over us. The sage counsels of this sublime mind now speak to us from his writings with the tone of authority. We set a higher price upon that which cannot be multiplied. We do not now read the language of a partisan, but of a patriot. Like the followers of EMBROCLES, we submit to the precepts of one who has gone to dwell with the immortals.

'The simple details of the death-bed scene of this great man, from the first hour his life was despaired of until the prediction, 'On the twenty-fourth of October all that is mortal of DANIEL WEBSTER will be no more,' was verified, have been telegraphed to the remotest borders of the land. Such a death as this is a benefaction to mankind: so calm, so sweet, so majestic. Human nature is ennobled, and Christian hope is cheered. In the fulness of years and honors he descended to the tomb, calmly as 'flowers at set of sun.' More than twenty years before, at the close

of his most magnificent oratorical triumph, he had said, 'When my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time the sun in heaven, let their last feeble and lingering glance behold the gorgeous ensign of the Republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre, not a stripe erased or polluted, not a single star obscured; bearing for its motto, every where, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that sentiment dear to every true American heart, Liberty and Union now and for ever, one and inseparable!' The patriot realized his aspiration, and as his prophetic soul hung on the confines of either world, filled with the visions of both, there fluttered upon his marble lips the words, 'I STILL LIVE!'



UP-RIVER CORRESPONDENCE.

'HEREWITH please find' another pleasant epistle from our contributor on the Hudson: together with an illustration of a 'celestial' bird which his pen has assisted to make famous: of the species *Shanghai*, (of 'your own sex,' gentlemen,) which will probably never stop growing: having, as a former correspondent remarked, been born into the world with an inordinate pair of drum-sticks, which have been running to legs ever since. 'Our friend of the KNICKERBOCKER,' (says 'The Agricultor,' a new and carefully-conducted agricultural journal, to the kindness of whose Editor we are indebted for the present portrait,) 'may quiet his fears about the danger of waking up some morning to find that the Shanghais have eaten up half the family: they never will 'stoop so low' as that:'

— 'Up the River, October, 1852.

'RETURNED from the city the other evening, taking the five-o'clock train. It was dismal, cold, dripping weather: the windows of the cars were obscured with drops, and when it became pitch-dark, my heart was almost broke. As we passed under the stone bridges, the clatter was enough to drive a nervous man out of his wits. The annoyance of the wet conductors continually demanding your ticket, for which you are obliged to hunt in all your pockets, is excessive. Some people insert their tickets under the rim of their hats. The custom is good on the score of convenience, but it is not pleasant to be thus placarded. When we stopped opposite Newburgh, a 'city set on an hill,' the lights in the factories and mansions shone with a picturesque effect. There I got out, while the mist was chilling in the extreme, and it was as dark as pitch. A long row of soiled carriages stood stuck in the mud. Fumbled my way to the end of a long, narrow platform about a quarter of a mile, to search for my trunk, which was buried up amidst a multitude of trunks, and found it with difficulty. Rode five or six miles in company of five or six 'damp strangers,' and alighted at last at my own door. The house was shut up, and like the 'halls of Balclutha, it was desolate.' After stumbling over chairs, I made out to find a Lucifer match, and drawing it

in a long lucid train, like that of a comet, over the kitchen-wall, it oozed out at last in a blue flower of sulphurous flame, and, feebly simmering, went out. Struck another on the stove-pipe with better success. The cheerlessness of the vacant mansion was made apparent. 'FEL-O-O-ERAH!' I cried with tender remembrance. We had dismissed our little servant-maid before departing. The fiat had gone forth against her: she was not available in household affairs. 'FEL-O-O-ERAH,' I said, 'you must leave us. You are a good girl, but you are too young. Pack your chest, and when the coach arrives be ready to go with me. You have had a month's warning.' But FELORA continued sedulously employed in the washing of dishes, and neglected the packing of the trunk. 'FEL-O-ERAH, are you ready?' 'A-no, Sir.' 'Well, there is not a half-hour to spare. Go up stairs immediately and be ready.' But the little maid became disobedient; she moped weeping in the chimney-corner among the pot-hooks, raking the ashes. 'What are you about, child?'

'She was the first servant we ever had, and the labor was not hard, and she had been gently entreated. For it is sometimes disgusting in a household to behold the severity of exaction from a poor little servant-of-all-work. When you have your butler and your baker, your pastry-cook, your house-keeper, your chamber-maid, your coachman, your footman, your fat and well-fed menials, who keep high life below stairs, and waste much substance, have a sharp eye on them in this republican country, and see to it that they do enough. Otherwise they will insult you in your own domicile, and shake a cow-hide over your head. They will have the arrogance to speak good English in your presence, and to vie with you in the choicest phrases of which the language admits. Crop this impudence in the bud.

Hold your tongue!' It will be a mere stepping-stone to other flourishes than those rhetorical. Turn any cook or any coachman who knows MURRAY's Grammar out of doors. See to it that they confine themselves to their own departments, or their attention will be distracted. At the same time, if you have only one poor little maid-servant, do not imagine that she is butler, baker, house-keeper, cook, chamber-maid, coachman, footman; and that you can set up to live in style. Learn to wait a little on yourself, if you cannot *pay* for being waited upon. Shut up your own windows at night, and black your own boots in the morning. Go frequently upon your own errands. Open the door yourself when the bell rings, that those outside may not stand for ten minutes while they hear a voice within imperiously from the stair-landing summoning the poor little maid-servant from the garret or from the 'cellar-kitchen' to 'go and see who is there.' And, oh! do not snap her and snub her at table and before company, saying 'Put that here, put that there,' in the curtest and most irritating way, in the mean time glancing at the company, as if you would remark, 'What provoking stupidity! please make a little allowance!' Oh! certainly, a little allowance *ought* to be made. She only receives two or three dollars a month, perhaps nothing; and then she is ordered about from sun-rise till late at night to do this and to do that; to go here and to go there; to lift heavy weights and to draw heavy burdens; to run up stairs and to hurry into the cellar; to go over to the next neighbor's; to bring a pitcher of water, another, another, another, another, another! if it be hot weather; to wash, and to iron, and to cook; and to break her little heart in attempting to do all things, and to be remunerated with nothing but sour looks and a severe scolding. O Vulgarity! how contemptible thou art! 'FEL-O-E-RAH! are you ready? The coach is coming!' 'A-yes, Sir;' and she comes down the steep garret-stairs holding in her arms a little box containing her worldly goods; her tidy bonnet is fastened by a blue ribbon beneath her

chin, and her pretty English cheeks red with weeping. FLORA almost positively refused to go, but stopped on this side of actual disobedience, and submission when it did come came like a virtue, and caused me to feel like turning a suppliant out of doors. FLORENCHA (that was her name) went to take the last look of the chickens. She had fed my Shanghais with singular ability, but, alas! she was not endued by nature with mental qualifications, which was no fault of the poor child's; nor was her memory tenacious of instruction. I returned her in safety to the paternal roof.

'Let me tell you that when I returned to my own vacant house on the afore-said rainy night, my heart smote me. There was a tender pathos in the silent kitchen: the disposition of all things gave indication of a hasty departure; it was a reminiscence of FLORENCHA. The night-lamp crusted with a sooty crown; the parti-colored beans arranged upon a board on a barrel; the expressive broom standing in a corner; the Indian meal in a saucer — last *meal* given to the Shanghai chickens! The stove-pipe looked very black, and the stove very cold and dismal. And there on the mantel-piece was the forgotten prayer-book, forgotten in the hurry of departure, with a leaf turned down at the Catechism. Every Sunday evening I used to say, (she was a mere child,) 'FEL-O-O-E-RAH! have you learned your lesson?' 'A-yes, Sir.' 'Let me hear you. What is your name?' 'N. or M.' 'Oh no, what is your Christian name?' 'FLORA FAIRCHILD.' 'Yes, FAIRCHILD is your parents' name: what name was given to you in baptism?' 'FLORENCHA.' 'That is right. FEL-O-O-O-ER-RE-E-EN-CHA! now tell me,' etc.

'To return to a dark, and dead, and desolate abode, is like going into the chambers of Herculaneum and Pompeii. It makes you sensible of the awful gap and chasm of time: for whether it be two weeks or two thousand years, you 'take no note of time' in passing. You only judge of distance by that which stands still. You are borne along by the hurry, and excitement, and snowy foam of the current, and know not where you are. If you can go back actually, or in imagination, to the spot whence you started, memory revives. What has been accomplished in the intervening time? Here are relics of the hoary Past. A week is a sublime space, if we imagine what may be done in a week. Such thoughts always come uppermost to me when I have been gone a little while from a place which I love, and then return.

'I went into my study — my library, if the room is worthy to be called by such a name — and after the rasping of innumerable matches against a piece of rough paper, and (that proving of no avail) on the sole of my boot, managed to ignite the study-lamp. It would not burn until I had trimmed the wick and poured water into it, which sank duly to the bottom, the oil-wave coming uppermost. Then the room became a little cheerful, and the gilded superscription of the books on the shelves visible. The names of RABELAIS, SWIFT, STERNE, SHAKESPEARE, CHARLES LAMB, and others, glared out. My pipe lay upon the table, containing still a smokable pinch of Scarfalatti. For comfort sake I put it into my mouth and smoked it. My pen lay where I had left it, rusted down on the mahogany board, and a little thick ink remained in the font. I took it up and wrote with it as if it had been a relic of by-gone ages. Over the table hung a fine, almost invisible silken thread, at the end of which, betwixt me and the lamp, was suspended a little spider, who with nautical endeavor began to climb. With my thumb and fore-finger I broke the thread asunder, and snapped the spider on the floor. I never like to crush a spider, nor to clear away with the besom of destruction the net-work which he has woven in the room-corners. It is a trap for the nauseous and disgusting fly, for the spiteful and vindictive hornet. When

you have innocently laid your hand on some book or cushion, and have been stung by one of these, how gratifying to see him presently entangled in a web, while the agile little insect comes down the ropes, and with his delicate fingers winds him round and round, and pinions his arms, struggle as he will!

'M——,' I said, 'I have brought you to a cold, dreary house!' I must tell you that I had been fool enough to bring a friend to my house, and he an invalid man. Sitting in the cars, I espied him, and with a devilish selfishness said, 'I will have that man to share with me the dreariness of this cold and misty night.' I walked up to him, and tapped him on the shoulder. 'Ah!' said he. 'Come,' said I, in a chirping tone of concealed hypocrisy, 'and make my house your home. There is nobody there, but we will have a good time of it. You are going to the Point. Never mind, come with me.' In a moment of delusion the infatuated man agreed. After we had conversed for a few minutes in the study, we began to feel cold. 'Now,' said I, 'we must have a rousing fire, and a cup of hot tea; that will make us feel better. Excuse me for a moment: amuse yourself till I return. I will step over and ask PALMER to come and kindle a good fire, and help me along. All will be right.' 'Well,' said he.

Palmer

is my right-hand man. There is an old farm-house about fifty yards off. It used to be a tavern in the Revolutionary War. It has *settled* a good deal within the last hundred years; that is to say, the walls, the floors, and the beams are sunken very much from the horizontal line observable in the floor of a bowling-alley; and the chimneys look weather-beaten. Still it is a stout and substantial old house, and there is no doubt that it would last, with a little more patching, another hundred years. There is a long piazza in front of it, which is much sunken, and in the yard an old-fashioned well, which has afforded drink to cattle and to men for a century and more. The waters are still transcendently gushing and lucid. When the summer-heats raged in the past August, I used to stop and imbibe, taking my turn out of the tin cup with the itinerating pedlar who had unburdened his back of the wearisome load, and placed it beside the trough. Your wine of a good vintage may make the eyes glisten a little at the tables of luxury, but depend upon it that a well of water, pure water, gushing up by the way-side, to the weary and heavy-laden is drink indeed. As I ascended the steps of the piazza, I observed that there was a single mould-candle burning within, and knocked confidently at the door of the house. It was opened. 'Is PALMER within?' 'No, JOHN is absent. He will be gone over Sunday.' Alas! alas! I turned on my heel, opened the garden-gate, and finding the path through the peach-trees with some difficulty on the misty night, went back to the forlorn study.

'My invalid friend looked dismal enough. 'Come,' said I, slapping him on the back very gently, (to have done it roughly on the present emergency would have been to insult him,) 'we have to take care of ourselves. What is more easy? We must flare up. We must have a little light, a little fire. My next-door neighbor is away. That makes not the least difference.' With that I lighted the astral lamp — no, the globe-lamp — a contemptible affair, which is a disgrace to the inventor. You raise the wick as high as possible, before it will shed any light at all. In a moment it glares out, and presently becomes dim, filling your apartment with suffocating smoke and soot. Confound the lamp, with its brazen shaft and marble pedestal! I could with a good will dash it on the floor.

'I remembered that there was an abundance of shavings under the shed. Going out, I collected an arm-full and rammed them into the kitchen-stove, put in a few chips, and a stick or two of wood, and applied a match. Then I took the tea-kettle, and tramping to the well, filled it with water, placed it upon the stove, and it presently bubbled. Took down a caddy of black tea. But what in the world had I to eat? After a while I found a loaf of stale bread, which makes excellent toast. In three quarters of an hour, during which I spent the time in purgatory, I returned to the study and said, touching my friend on the shoulder, 'Tea is ready.' We went into the kitchen and sat down. I said grace. The lamp smoked, the fire burned poorly, the tea was cold, my friend shivered, and I afterward heard that he said that I seemed to think that the globe-lamp was both light and warmth. The ungrateful wretch! After tea, the first natural impulse was to get warm, and still keep ourselves alive. My friend behaved extremely well, all things considered; and as the stove needed replenishing with shavings every five minutes, he acted once or twice as a volunteer on this mission. He tried to be cheerful, but his visage looked sad. 'How stern of lineament, how grim!' For my part, I could not but enjoy an inward chuckle, like one who has the best of a bargain in the purchase of a horse. People come to your house to be entertained. In the hands of your hospitality they are like dough to be moulded into any shape of comfort. They fairly lay themselves out to be fêted, and feasted, and flattered, and soothed, and comforted, and tucked in at night. They enjoy for the time being a luxurious irresponsibility. With what composure do they lounge in your arm-chair, and lazily troll their eyes over the pictures in your show-books! How swingingly they saunter on your porch or in your garden, with their minds buoyant as thistle-down, lightly inhaling the aromatic breeze, fostered by all whom they meet, and addressing all in lady-tones. Bless their dear hearts, how they do grind their teeth for dinner! Dinner! Sometimes it is no easy matter to get up a dinner. While they are in this opiate state, the man of the house is in cruel perplexity, and beef-steaks are rare. Oh! it is a rich treat and triumph now and then to have one of these fellows on the hip; to see them put to some little exertion to conceal their feelings, when they have expected all exertion to be made on the other part; to scan their physiognomy, and to read their thoughts as plainly as if printed in the clearest and most open type: 'This does not pay. You will not catch me in this scrape again. I will go where I can be entertained better.' I say that I enjoy their discomfiture, and consider it (if it happen rarely) a rich practical joke. It is entirely natural, and in accordance with correct principles, that they should feel exactly as they do. Does it not agree with what I have already said? Constituted as we are, there must be the outward and visible sign to stir up the devotion of the heart. Your grace of warm welcome will not do. Give your friend a good dinner; give him a glass of good wine; let the fire be warm and bright. Then he will come again. Otherwise not. It is human nature. At any rate, it is *my* nature. Here, however, we draw the fine hair-line of distinction. If your friend thinks *more* of the animal than of the spiritual; if he neglects any duty, undervalues any friendship, because the outward is poor, meagre, of necessity wanting, call him your friend no more!

"Let us go to bed," said I. "Done," said he. "No, not done. The beds are to be made. There is no chamber-maid in the house. What of that? Excuse me for a moment, while you ram a few more shavings into the stove." I go up stairs into the spare chamber. I can find nothing. After a half-hour's work, I manage however to procure pillow-cases, sheets, blankets. I go down stairs and tap my

shivering friend on the shoulder, and say, chirpingly, 'Come, you must go to your snuggery—your nest. You will sleep like a top, and feel better in the morning.'

'I get him into bed, and after his night-cap is on, and his head upon the pillow, I say: 'Good night; pleasant dreams to you.'

"Good night," he responded, with a feeble smile.

'Then I tumbled into my own bed, which was made up any-how, looking out first on the moon just rising above the fogs. Oh! thou cold, dry, brassy Moon! do not shine into my chamber when I want repose. PHEBE, DIANA, LUNA, call thee by whatever name, let not thy pale smile be cast upon my eyes! If so, sweet sleep is gone, and pleasant dreams. Out, out, out with thy skeleton face, O volcanic, brassy Moon!

'When the morrow came, I went into my friend's chamber, and, as if he had been a king or a prince, asked him how he had rested during the night, and if the coverlets had kept him warm. He was compelled to say, as he was a man of strict veracity, that he had been a little cold. The indiscriminating varlet! I had given him all the blankets in the house.

'It was Sunday morning. A Sunday in the country is a theme on which my invalid friend, who is an author, had expatiated with wonderful effect in one of his books. When he came down stairs, as the shavings were not yet lighted, I took him by the arm, and proposed a walk on the grass. But the grass was wetted by copious dews. He returned chilled, and hovered over the cold stove. It was nearly time for breakfast, but I had not given him a word of encouragement on that point. Breakfast was a puzzler. All of a sudden, striking my hand on my forehead as if in the elicitation of a bright idea, I rushed out of the kitchen, crossed the little garden, and knocked at the door of the old farm-house.

'The face of the good landlady was forthwith visible. 'Madam,' I said, 'I am in a little quandary. I have a friend with me; there is no body and nothing in the house. Will you have the kindness to provide us breakfast, dinner, and tea to-day?'

'She most obligingly consented. In half an hour I conducted the author triumphantly to the old mansion. The clean white table-cloth was spread; the room was 'as warm as toast,' and my friend's spirits revived. We went to church. His responses were heart-felt and audible. On returning, the walk made his blood circulate a little, and as he sat in the rocking-chair in the old farm-house waiting for the broiled chicken, and looking up at the white-washed beams, he was the picture of contentment. I was almost provoked with myself for getting him into such a comfortable fix. We had seated ourselves at the table, and were pleasantly, I think I may say *luxuriously*, engaged in the empicking of chicken-bones, when a remarkable incident occurred. It was observed that there was not a drop of water in the pitcher. This was an oversight. When the appetite is ravenous, a sip of the crystal fluid at intervals is really requisite to commingle with the saliva and gastric juice. The landlady with the kindest alacrity hurried to the ancient well; and she had just opened the door on her return, when putting down the pitcher, and wringing her hands, she cried out:

"Oh! quick! quick! *do come! do come!* The fox! the fox! the fox!"

'We deserted the dinner-table in an instant, ran out on the piazza, and oh! what a sight! Within a few yards, within pistol-shot, a splendid, sanctimonious, sly Reynard glided with a mouse-foot pace, crouching as he went, out of the neighboring green patch, leaped softly over the stone-wall, crossed the road,

and took a zig-zag course through the opposite corn-field, waving his brown tail, which was of the most expensive description.

'The provocation was intense. Mister PALMER, his hair standing on end, rushed to the house-corner and called his black dog. 'Here, Boos! Boos!



Boos! Boos!' But Boos was barking at an ill-looking customer who just at that predicament of time tried to open the gate. He seized him (Boos) by the collar; he dragged him up the road, but the latter was altogether behind the age. Although he did not succeed in striking the scent, his master assured me that if he had once got a sight of the animal he would have collared him. In about fifteen minutes after this, a couple of spotted hounds, hunting on their own hook and on the Sabbath-day, leaped over the wall, and went nosing about to the right and left, hither and thither, through the corn-field, and we heard them yelping until sun-down. The fox escaped.

'The next morning my friend went away. I cannot say that he felt very sad at parting with me; nay, I thought that his face brightened up into a genial smile as the coach drew near, and that there was something concentrated in his expression as he gave the house a parting glance, like that of one who bids farewell to the hard rocks and inhospitable coast on which he has been shipwrecked.

'My remaining Shanghai chicken is dead. Two only were hatched. One fell

off the perch on a nipping, frosty night; the other ran trembling about in the bleak weather, crying and chirping piteously. One morning I brought it into the house nearly dead, fed it with bread-crumbs, and put it in a basket by the fire, when it soon revived. It used to run about the kitchen familiarly, and sometimes came into the parlor. It was this presumption which proved fatal to the chick. One evening, when we had searched for it to put it in the basket for the night, it was no where to be found. It was not in the closets, in the cupboards, under the tables, under sofas, under the chairs. Holding the light at last under the stove, there lay the chicken, stone dead, his feathers much scorched. I was like the poor man robbed of his one little ewe-lamb. Oh, how mistaken are we in our deeds! Wipe off the frosty rime, rescue from the bleakness of the invisible wind, pull the poor freezing out of a snow-bank, and it runs into a hot-mouthed furnace of its own accord. I shall not let my Shanghai hen set on eggs again. She is not motherly, and my opinion is somewhat modified as to the peculiarities of the breed. They must be hardened and acclimated to the severity of our winters. They have few feathers, and those very light and downy, and their rear is ill-protected by the usual appendage of a tail. As I told you, they are pretty well bobbed. Their yellow legs are covered to the toes with a soft down, which shows them to be sensitive to cold, for which nature has provided them with stockings. I thought that their sentiments—their instincts, I ought to say—were generous; but Mrs. PALMER told me that the rooster would not let the chickens have any thing to eat, but snapped up all the meal. I could hardly believe that the rooster would act in such wise, for he is a very strutting, noble-looking fowl. Those who come to my house admire his action as they would that of a good horse. I intend to cultivate the stock, because I have more faith in it than some do; and Captain S. told me that in the spring I should have a young pullet.

P. W. S.

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — Very much did we regret, while at the Capitol in March last, not to have an opportunity of meeting the distinguished *savant* mentioned in the letter of our esteemed friend and correspondent which ensues. We came near having that pleasure, perforce, however, one evening. While we were sitting with a most agreeable party, at the residence of a hospitable friend, an alarm of fire, in the near neighborhood, soon found us in the street; our friend exclaiming, 'It is near Colonel Force's!' And every one, as we passed, asked 'with bated breath,' '*Is it near Colonel Force's?*' We verily believe that a majority of the citizens of Washington would aid in saving 'the COLONEL's' rare and curious library, at the risk of being swallowed up in the flames; and that they would stand some chance of doing, for all the aid that their Fire Department could afford, if we may judge from what we saw on the night alluded to. A tall two-story house, of wood, burned to the ground, without an engine reaching the scene of the fire. When it began to smoulder, a hose-cart, with an old dry hose, came lumbering down a narrow lane, running over four or five small niggers; but when it reached the spot, it was found that there was no water to be had; so it turned about, and went creaking along back again. Let us hope that Colonel Force has a Fire-Annihilator in his house, for there are none *outside* of it, in Washington; 'leastways' there wasn't on this occasion. But we are keeping the reader from our friend's letter, on the next page:

Washington, October 13, 1852.

'MY DEAR C —: Ever since your visit here last winter, I have regretted that I did not avail myself of the opportunity of making you acquainted with Colonel PETER FORCE, the able compiler of the American Archives; a documentary history, as you are aware, of the United States, from the Declaration of Independence down to 1783, the year in which the definitive treaty with Great-Britain was concluded.

'Few of those who take an interest in matters relating to the history of this country but have heard of Colonel FORCE: it is only here, however, where he has for years pursued, with unostentatious assiduity, his toilsome task, and by those who know him personally, that his modest merit is appreciated as it should be. We take up a volume of the Archives, seldom thinking, as we turn over its interesting pages, of the vast amount of research, the patient examination of musty records, the days and nights of toil necessary in the preparation of a compilation so careful and so voluminous. Some idea can be formed of the labor bestowed on this invaluable work by a visit to the library of Colonel F., without doubt the largest and most interesting collection of books, pamphlets, and documents relating to American history, ever made. It contains twenty-five thousand volumes, or *titles*, nearly all of which have probably been read by Colonel F., or have undergone his close inspection during the preparation of his work. There are numerous rare and choice things in this library; among others, some exquisite specimens of illuminated books, of early date, and several volumes almost coeval with the invention of the art of printing. Of the latter, one bears the date 1467.

'It is an unfortunate truth, that such men as Colonel FORCE seldom, if ever, receive while living the reward they deserve; the services they render to their country rarely being justly estimated, save by the generations succeeding those among whom they lived and toiled. Time alone reveals to its full extent the importance of what they have done; and as the years roll away, and disclose slowly but certainly the value of the works they leave behind them, their names are remembered with veneration and gratitude, and they receive at last the meed of imperishable fame — posterity's indemnity for the scant appreciation and neglect of their contemporaries. I am sure, however, that with Colonel FORCE it is an unselfish desire to be of service to mankind, and a love of country so intense as to make him regard the least fragment connected with her history with veneration, that keeps alive that enthusiasm for his labors which no obstacles can diminish, rather than the hope of receiving the recompense of fame or profit during his life-time, or the reflection that he will one day be an inheritor of the gratitude and praises of posterity.

'I mentioned the name of Colonel FORCE at the beginning of this letter for the purpose — which the foregoing digression had almost made me forget — of calling your attention to a pamphlet recently written by him, entitled 'GRINNELL LAND;' a copy of which I send you by the mail of to-day. It is an able vindication of the American claim to certain recent discoveries in the Arctic regions. Do not fail to read it.

Yours ever,

'R. S. C.'

Whether owing to the alleged delay of our common Uncle, 'SAMUEL,' in his mail-department, or no, we cannot say; but the very interesting pamphlet alluded to did not reach us in season for notice in the present number. It will 'receive consideration' in our next. - - - 'SPEAKING of eggs,' interpolates a Kentucky correspondent, in a letter brim-full of 'nuts to crack,' 'I wish you would ask the author of the 'Up-River Letters' how much of that story of SHANG and ENG, and the supposititious egg, is intended to be believed. I will believe all he *says* is to be believed. Ask him how much smaller an amount of belief is required of his personal friends than of the *profanum vulgus*. The truth is, I don't know whether he intends this for a quiz or not. I imagine I see him writing the story with a LAMB-like expression in his countenance; and, strange as it may seem, this inclines me to doubt his innocence. I should like to have a chicken from a hen that has so much regard for purity of blood. She would be a hen-sample to any flock. By the way, those letters of his are *ambrosial*. I was going to say something about champagne, which wouldn't do; then I thought of nectar, which has no adjective that I know of, and so I have said *ambrosial*. 'You understand me,' as the dog said to the pig, after he had asked him to lend him his ear. But that egg-story 'sticks in my craw.' If 'F. W. S.' has any documents on the subject, I wish he would 'shell out.' 'Speaking of hens,' reminds me of a joke which I made anent my friend S —, and which I consider 'pretty

smart' for me. S — is very fond of poultry, and usually has a flock around him. One day he brought a dog home with him, which was immediately attacked with great violence by one of the hens. As he and his wife and I were observing the scene from the porch, I remarked, 'That dog is miserably hen-pecked! How readily he falls into the habits of the family!' Perhaps you don't consider this good? So much the worse for you. Since I am in the way of being 'reminded,' I will tell you another story. S — has a little girl who has a most extraordinary passion for toy-monkeys. She never wants a doll, for nothing will satisfy her but a monkey. Mr. and Mrs. S — and I were one day talking about this remarkable idiosyncrasy, when I remarked, pointing to S —, 'It is easy to see where she got this taste for monkeys: it is inherited from her mother.' Perhaps you do n't like this? Well, 'farewell it,' as the sage POLONIUS says. - - - The other evening, silently 'sitting by a sea-coal fire' in the sanctum, 'comes us up' news of a box in the entry-hall below. It is accompanied by a letter from a hitherto-unknown friend in Iowa, who has 'read the KNICKERBOOKER for seventeen years,' and who has 'taken the liberty to send us a box containing a few of the productions of their young but growing State.' A hammer and chisel are brought; and, surrounded by the wondering little folk, the box is opened under the gas-light. First, protrude the antlers of a 'stag of ten times,' a noble buck, killed by a neighbor of the donor's, with his pocket-knife, in the open prairie: next, ear after ear of the noble Indian corn, of the white and sweet kind, every ear, and every row on every ear, perfect to the last terminating kernel; huge amphibious-looking *some things*, in paper, that turn out to be sweet-potatoes — *monsters*, sound as a nut to the core, two of which weighed six pounds and two ounces, by the kitchen steel-yards: then a score and more of apples, each of a different kind and color, but every one a 'specimen' in itself, fit to take the 'first prize' at a pomological exhibition. We had a 'husking' that night in the hall: braiding the longest husks in a 'three-strand' broad braid: and having wiped the apples smooth and dry, we selected several of the most superb of them; and now they gleam among the suspended ears of corn from the horns of a stag in the sanctum, to the ornaments of which they form a beautiful, graceful, and most *suggestive* addition; taking us back to country days and country scenes, 'when this old cap was new.' We can only say to our kind and thoughtful friend, 'Thanks, *thanks*, THANKS!' Verily, he lives in a fruitful land, and his 'lines are cast in pleasant places.' - - - The following case, which will make some of our metropolitan lawyers 'rise in their boots,' was actually adjudicated in the year 1802, in the town of —, in the State of Rhode-Island:

SHARKS v. OGLE: CORAM BALL JUSTICE. COUNT: Trespass done by MICHAEL, the hired man of OGLE, for fishing in the river illegally. Damage laid at fifty dollars.

UPJOHN for DEFENDANT, and PLAINTIFF *per se*.

UPJOHN: 'Your honor, at nine o'clock, the time of return, I shall be ready in case SHARKS v. OGLE.'

JUSTICE: 'You for OGLE?'

UPJOHN: 'Yes.'

JUSTICE: 'The deuce you are! The case is already disposed of, and I am now making up the judgment. I will admit no testimony, but if you have any thing to say I will hear you.'

UPJOHN: 'I will proceed as soon as your honor is at leisure.'

JUSTICE: 'I was only making up the judgment, Sir. I will hear you: go on.'

UPJOHN: 'I object to the decision of this case before the time assigned in the writ, and before I am heard.'

JUSTICE: 'Go on, Sir, I'll hear you. I can hear just as well while I am writing. It will make no difference.'

UPJOHN: 'This suit is brought by Plaintiff v. Defendant for damage done by MICHAEL. If should have been brought v. MICHAEL the trespasser.'

JUSTICE: 'Sue a beggar and' — Well, go on. I'll hear all you have to say.'

UPJOHN: 'The defendant cannot be connected with the transaction, nor is he sought to be. Beside, the statute (page 105) requires notice of six days to defendant in all actions, and here is only one day's notice.'

JUSTICE: 'Notice seems to have been sufficient to bring *you* here! But go on, I'll hear. You don't disturb me.'

UPJOHN: 'The statute also requires (page 185) the writ to be under seal. This writ has no seal.'

JUSTICE: 'Mr. SHARKS, just run your eye over that bill of costs, and see if costs are high enough. Go on, Sir: I hear every word you say.'

UPJOHN: 'This writ is directed to a sheriff, and is served by a town-sergeant. Your honor cannot proceed.'

JUSTICE: 'Then this is not a court? Ha! ha!! Go on. We *do* proceed, you see!'

UPJOHN: 'It is no trespass to fish in the river.'

JUSTICE: 'Ah ha! No trespass to trample down clover, eh?'

UPJOHN: 'But the action is not for trespassing in the clover.'

JUSTICE: 'Go on, Sir. That bill of costs right, Mr. SHARKS?'

UPJOHN: 'The damage is laid in the writ at fifty dollars. Now your honor has exceeded his jurisdiction. A Justice *cannot* give judgment for over twenty dollars, nor have jurisdiction where more is laid.'

JUSTICE: 'Why, Squire, 'you talk as one of the foolish women talk,' as SOLOMON said on a similar occasion. *Cannot* give judgment for more than twenty dollars — umph! I *have*, Squire

UPJOHN: yes, I already *have* given judgment for more than double that amount, and costs to match. Don't trouble the court any farther with such futile objections. The court is adjourned, and no appeal allowed!'

CHILDREN'S Grammar is a curious kind of 'article,' isn't it? A dear little girl of four years, (oh, how short!) just now prattling about the editorial chair, and looking wistfully up at the Iowa apples that scent the sanctum with their fragrance, asked: 'Fäder, give me a *one* — give me *two* ones.' Then, alluding to an elder sister, who had been similarly favored, she added: '*Her* had two ones.' This seems, after all, to be 'about right' for a child's grammar, although not quite 'according to MURRAY.' Apropos of children: here is a little anecdote that reaches us from a correspondent at Nashua, New-Hampshire: 'We have a little girl living in our family, whom, for certain characteristics, we call 'Torsy.' She is a bit of a rogue in school. One day she was recounting some of her exploits upon that field, and was reprimanded gently for them. 'Why,' said she, 'the teacher did n't see.' 'No, but God saw you,' was the reply. 'Oh, psha!' said she, 'He did n't care anything about it!' - - We have just heard, from a friend in Panama, of a natural wonder, called '*The Paradise Tree*.' Seven of these trees, and no more, grow in the space of about half a mile square, in Veraguas, Trinidad, one of the provinces of the Isthmus, on the land of one Sen. ROMERO. Each tree bears a single white flower, which opens at maturity, when a perfectly-formed flower-dove, with out-spread wings, and head lifted upward, is discovered within! The flowers emit an odor that may be inhaled for at least half a mile from the spot. What is almost equally strange, is the fact, that at a certain period every year, these trees wither to the very ground, leaving a small mound of dust, from which, like the fabled Phoenix from its ashes, each tree yearly rises to the completion of its perfect flower! It has no seeds, nor can it be propagated by slips, or grafts, or transplanted. A full description has been secured, which was taken down from the lips of a gentleman of veracity who had seen the trees, and learned their history for the past eighty years, and who is well known to our correspondent. Have any naturalists among our readers ever heard before of this 'Paradise Tree?' Wonderful as it may seem, it is

not more marvellous than a circumstance recently mentioned to us by a gentleman from Panama, who pledges his personal veracity to its truth. At Taboga, the great shipping dépôt of Panama, on Good Friday, of every year, and on no other day, land-crabs literally swarm throughout the place, having come in from the region around; preceded, the day before, by a few *avant-couriers*, to 'spy out the land!' - - - Among the many beautiful monuments to children in Greenwood Cemetery, few will be found more chaste, or with an inscription more appropriate and touching, than one soon to be placed in that hallowed ground by Mr. WILLIAM OKELL, over the remains of a lovely boy, of eight years, recently deceased. On a pure white marble tablet, surrounded by a wreath of exquisitely-carved roses and faded lilies, are the words, 'CHAUNCEY, our *only Boy*,' and on the reverse, these lines:

'OUR GOD, to call us homeward,
His only SON sent down;
And now, still more to tempt our hearts,
Has taken up our own!'

What a consolation to the bereaved mother who daily visits the grave where the remains of her beloved boy lie in their last repose! 'It is well with the child' early called to heaven. - - - THEY have a veritable YELLOWFLUSH down in Texas, if we may judge from a letter before us, from an agriculturist in that region. He says, 'Cattel thrive there;' and that he can raise 'as mutch *stalk*, blud-stalk,' as he wishes, 'without no feed.' He has got 'two thousin akers of good land,' and is 'going to raiseing stalk onto it' of most every kind, in good earnest. Well, 'Success to him!' say we, and some slight schooling after he gets rich. - - - Few things could give us more pleasure than to be able to announce the fact that Mrs. PHIL N. RUST, widow of the late Mr. RUST, of the 'Syracuse House' and 'Rust's Hotel' of Syracuse, had opened a spacious and elegant private boarding-house in this city. No traveller in this State but knew Mr. RUST — 'PHILE RUST,' 'for short' — and no one who ever 'stopped' with him once, went elsewhere in his neighborhood, while he was alive and 'at home' in that flourishing town. The 'presiding spirit' of his old and popular establishments is now here; and whoso shall visit the large four-story free-stone building, No. 31, West Twenty-second street — a spacious edifice, with parlors, suites of rooms, airy bed-rooms, and the best of fare, (and easily accessible by city rail-roads and omnibuses, almost to the very door,) — will find all that need be desired in a first-class boarding-house. Being between Fifth and Sixth Avenues, it is alike convenient for the Sixth Avenue cars and the Broadway and Forty-ninth street stages. - - - We were greatly surprised the other day by a rare and most acceptable present from an esteemed southern contemporary, the editor of the '*Savannah Daily Morning News*,' W. T. THOMPSON, Esq., in the shape of a cluster of pomegranates, five in number, which grew on one branch, in the garden of a gentleman in Savannah. We never saw a specimen of this bright gold-and-red-tinted fruit before, nor heard of it more particularly than in that 'Song of Songs which is Solomon's,' who 'went down into the garden of nuts to see whether the vines flourished and the pomegranate budded,' and who caused his guests to 'drink of his spiced wines, and of the juice of his pomegranate.' We understand now the simile: 'As a piece of pomegranate are thy cheeks within thy locks.' The color is very beautiful, and the taste exceedingly delicate and delicious. Many thanks to the kind donor, as well as to the unknown friend who 'would n't charge freight on any thing going to 'Old KNICK.

Such incidents touch 'the very cockles of our heart.' Very pleasant is it to be thus genially remembered. - - - NEW-YORK is the 'City of Hotels,' in the excellence of which it is not surpassed by any metropolis on the globe. Look at our Astor-House, king of inns, with princes at the head thereof; at the 'Metropolitan,' half a city in itself, which is fast winning the highest reputation; at the chaste and beautiful marble St. NICHOLAS, which when completed will not be excelled, in any thing that constitutes a first-class hotel, by any similar establishment in the city. A new and admirably-kept house, called the '*Astor-Place Hotel*,' has recently been opened in the gray granite buildings in Broadway, opposite Astor-Place, by HENRY WATERMAN, Jr., an experienced and capable host. A more comfortable and elegant house 'you shall not find elsewhere.' The parlors, suites of rooms, and sleeping apartments, are spacious or 'snug,' at the option of the guest, and the tables are supplied with potables and edibles of the very best the market affords. We cordially commend the '*Astor-Place Hotel*' to a liberal public patronage. - - - WELL, our bundle of '*Knick-Knacks*' is now before the public; and whatever may be said of the contents of the book, we think it will be conceded that it is a very *handsome* volume in its externals. The paper is fine, smooth, and white, the type new and clear, and the printing excellent, reflecting the greatest credit upon Mr. Trow and his capable assistants. The illustrations, five in number, are from the pencil of Mr. F. BELLEV, an artist of as much modesty as true merit, of whom we shall have somewhat more to say in a subsequent number, as well as of the manner in which the engravings are printed. They were engraved by Mr. LEVY, with a single exception—'Old KNICK,' on a Jackass at Dobbs' Ferry, fancying himself NAPOLEON at St. Helena—which is by Mr. WHITNEY. The subjects chosen are from the 'Gossip About Children,' where the father drives his son from his presence; the closing scene; the interior of the sanctum, with some of its 'surroundings;' and a sketch of the 'Returned Wanderer,' the horse that swam Long-Island Sound, and appeared as a ghost to his repentant master. - - - MRS. NEPPINS, in a very severe critique upon the style of our correspondent, who first brought her son CONKLIN NEPPINS, the poet, into notice, writes us as follows: 'Now, ef you want a *reel* correspondence into your Magazine, you git my son, of the name of CONKLIN NEPPINS, which though brought up on shore-sass exclusive—that's 'isters, clams, and scollopses—I guess few can beat him in potry or a-prosin', nary one. He's a goin' to issou a Ladies' Magerzine, into parts which appears ony wunst a month, which I send you the perspectus herewith. But he can't begin afore he gits well. He *would* go a-bathin' into the harbor, which I call a-flyin' in the face of PROVIDNS, which made water for shore-sass to live into and not for us humans in cold whether. Says CONKLIN to me, ses he, 'Mar, I'm goin' to brest the bil-lerin' sjudges.' He talks that way cos he's a pote. Says I, 'CONKLIN,' ses I, 'do n't you do no sitch a thing, for,' says I, 'there's a nateral ile onto the human skin; that's wat keeps us wholesome, and if you go into the sjudges,' ses I, 'you'll wash the nateral ile off, and the water'll strike in onto yer stummik.' It did n't do no use't; CONKLIN went into his sjudges, and is now onto his 'chased cowch,' as he calls it, with an almighty collik in his intellex.' The '*Perspectus for The Quog Litery Gem*,' to be conducted by a 'Litery Corps,' will appear 'into' our next number. It 'promises' rarely. - - - Be on the *qui-vive*, reader, for the '*Romance of Student-Life Abroad*,' by the author of the 'St. Leger Papers.' There will be a book that will both attract and reward perusal. - - - We were amused by a remark made by our friend BAYARD TAYLOR, in one of his

letters to '*The Tribune*' daily journal, from Damascus. He says the 'street called *Straight*' is not now to be found among the zig-zag thoroughfares of that ancient city. But St. PAUL does n't say that it *was* a straight street: he says only that it was '*called Straight*.' They *call* the little green at the head of Broadway '*Union Square*,' but it is n't square, notwithstanding. It's as 'round as a 'osses' 'ead.' The 'surroundings' and 'additaments' are very pretty, certainly, but the 'square' is an oval. - - - Our popular and sprightly contemporary, the '*Evening Mirror*,' entered recently upon the *ninth year* of its existence. Its prosperity has been constantly increasing, until it now counts its profits by thousands, with 'a daily-growing subscription-list that any editor might be proud to boast.' The '*Mirror*' is an exceedingly pleasant accompaniment to a late dinner-table, the tea-table, and the fire-side; for its selections are good, its editorials brief and spirited, and its condensation of general news and city intelligence every way excellent. - - - The flowers are gone, even to the dahlias. We clipped the last, blooming in the faintly-falling snow, this very morning — a rich purple '*Caractacus*,' a variegated '*Roi de Pontille*,' and a superb '*Baron Tretan*' — the last that the frost had left us, save two opening roses, which must wither in the bud. 'Farewell to the sweet flowers! - - - J. S. REDFIELD, one of our most tasteful publishers, will issue early in December '*Songs of the Seasons, and Other Poems*,' by JAMES LINEN, from whom our readers have so often and so acceptably heard. - - - It is a gratifying thing to see the new portraits of WASHINGTON multiplying. It is an AMERICAN 'sign,' and a welcome one. MESSRS. R. A. BACHIA AND COMPANY, No. 23, Chambers-street, have just issued a large and very fine full-length portrait of the '*FATHER of his Country*,' after STUART, by ROTHERMEL, engraved on steel by A. H. RITCHIE. It is offered at the low price of three dollars per copy. - - - A TEXAS correspondent writes: 'Some gentlemen were engaged in conversation the other day, when the subject of fighting came up, which, by the way, is a pretty fruitful topic down here in Texas; and several persons were named as being 'some' in a 'rough-and-tumble' fight; and among others, a man belonging to one of the churches in town was considered to be 'about the toughest customer to handle.' 'Yes,' remarked the parson of the very church to which the man belonged, 'I believe that brother D —, *unrestrained by grace*, could whip any man of his inches in the State!' A cool clerical proviso that! - - - 'I SEND you,' writes a correspondent from Seneca county, 'the following true incident, thinking it may possibly do to go with the 'tooth-brush that belonged to the boat.' It is a positive fact: A 'Sucker,' apparently for the first time out from his native 'grove,' hearing me, just after dinner, at the '*HARDY House*,' at Lasalle, asking the clerk for a quill, turned to me and said: 'Stranger, did you want a quill for a tooth-pick?' 'Yes,' I replied, 'it was for that purpose.' 'Well,' said he, taking from his pocket what looked to be a dried sprig of balm, 'here is a piece of a 'yarb' that grows on the prairie: after you dry it, it gets as hard as bone, and makes a right smart pick. I have used this two weeks: *you may have it*: I know where I can get more!' He evidently thought me 'stuck-up' when I thanked him, and declined his friendly offer.' - - - AN unknown lady-friend and correspondent, from a mid-land county of the Empire State, which we had recently visited, whom we hope some day to meet, and whose 'good words,' ours' and us-ward, have touched us very nearly, among other pleasant things, jots down the following:

'I SHOULD like to introduce to the juvenile who furnishes so many droll little 'side-dishes' for the

'Table,' two brothers of mine, who would, I think, find him a congenial spirit. The oldest has been almost from infancy a suffering and crippled invalid: but 'his mind has far out-grown his years;' and no one could look upon that broad, white forehead, stamped with the seal of too-early-developed intellect, or gaze into those large, lustrous eyes, without reading there a record of precocious wisdom, bought at the bitter price of weeks and months of imprisonment on a couch of pain. The youngest, yclept 'Muggins,' by a loving household, is as veritable a spirit of fun and harmless mischief as ever ruled the hearts of parents, sister, and brothers. He was once pleading for those sweets in which heroes of six summers especially delight, and being denied the boon, promised with great energy to 'save it,' instead of appropriating it to the purpose originally designed. 'Yes,' said grave WILLIE, his senior by four years, 'I guess you'll save it as the whale saved Jonah!' This was a staggerer to 'Muggins,' and furnished him food for thought during the space of one minute. He once commenced his evening prayer as follows 'O God! JOHNNY BROWN is a very naughty boy: now, God, I tell you he is!' Was not that emphatic? The young Pharisee had not a thought of levity or irreverence in thus confessing the sins of another than himself.

'I wish your visit hither had been delayed until now, when our hills are glowing in their autumnal garniture, like a vast bed of prairie-flowers. It were difficult to imagine any thing more gorgeous than their flaming hues contrasted with the dark ever-greens which the GREAT ARTIST has scattered in their midst. It is enough to rouse the dullest soul to something of poetic fervor, to look out on such a morning and see the shadows lying in 'bright uncertainty' upon those hills, all radiant in their blending colorings of scarlet, gold, and brown. Do you remember Mrs. WELBY's sweet and womanly theory respecting this beautiful phenomenon of our American October?

'The charm which lends to the woods their flush,
Is the Frost kiss, spreading a crimson blush
O'er the modest autumn leaves!'

'Come and see us next year at this season. It is not 'melancholy' with us; and we will take care that you do not 'find your warmest welcome at an inn.'

A FRIEND, writing to the EDITOR from the good old Oneida region, and speaking of the 'Maine Law,' is reminded of a scene in a bar-room which accidentally came under his observation not a great many years ago: 'An old and inveterate toper stepped up to the bar, and asked for a glass of wine: the spruce and expert mixer of 'sherry-cobblers' handed down the decanter, with a flourish; whereupon the old soaker very deliberately filled the tumbler nearly two-thirds full, which he as deliberately, of course, swallowed, and then laid down a six-pence. I wish you could have seen the appearance of the indignant and astonished bar-tender! His eye *glowed*, his face kindled up, and, as our friend DEMPSER sings, in one of his humorous Scottish songs, 'An angry man was he, O!' as he quickly, and with a jerk, threw the 'siller' into the 'till,' and slammed down three cents. The man-of-drink asked, with astonishment, and apparent simplicity, 'What, don't you charge six-pence a glass now for wine?' 'No!' said the enraged attendant; and his face wore a most ferocious look, as he quickly added: 'When we sell it wholesale, we always sell it cheaper!' - - - 'WHAT a beautiful figure that was, once employed by good old 'Father TAYLOR,' the sailor preacher and true seaman's friend, of Boston: 'The small boat rides in beauty and in safety upon the calm surface of an unruffled ocean: it is when the winds whistle and the tempests roar, that the skill of the pilot is called into action. The lightest feather floats upon the air, and is carried along *with* the wind: it is the thunder-cloud alone, which, by the force of its own current, comes booming along *against* it!' - - - A FRIEND, formerly, as we infer, from the North, but now a resident in Florida, in a letter to the EDITOR, gives the following amusing description of some of the local terms in common use in that division of our united kingdom: 'A *cracker* just *lighted* at my office, and informed me that a neighbor who was in *caloot* with him had *honey-fackled* him in the matter of a *heap* of logs, which they had been getting out on a *quarter* about a *look* from a

branch, near the old-field on the FATIO grant.' *Anglice*: 'cracker' is the real native; 'lighted,' means to stop; 'cahoot,' meaning in partnership; 'honey-fackled,' to cheat; 'heap,' a good many; 'quarter,' forty acres of land; a 'look' is a mile; 'branch,' a small creek; 'old-field,' an old abandoned plantation.' Almost an 'unknown tongue!' - - - It was a profound remark of the thoughtful editor of the '*Bunkum Flag-Staff*,' that there is 'a great deal of genius into this ked'ntry;' although even himself was forced to exclaim, 'How hard it is to write good!' A correspondent at the Michigan University has sent us additional evidence of the truth of Mr. WAGSTAFF's remark, in the 'Works of E. DARROW, Esq. Poet-Buckeye,' printed at Akron, Ohio, and entitled '*Three Epistles to Cosmopolitans*.' The poetry has all the beauties of the pastoral, combined with the greenness and freshness of the pasture-land. The general themes of the 'Epistles' are as follows: 'The Pestilence defied; Cholera baffled; Disease examined, explained, condemned, opposed, overcome, or banished; Good Health discovered and insured, and Life long preserved. SECRETS for those who know them and those who don't: RECAPITULATION: also, the health and luxury of cooking and eating and loving.' We give a specimen of the blank verse and blanker rhymes. The first is from the 'Health' department:

'USE, feed your stomach moderately;
Eat not, drink not, continually, hourly,
Or oftener, like ill-bred, ill-fed swine,
Gathering, munching, constantly, all day.

'You will feel bad, unpleasant or be sick,
Or suffer some, I apprehend, and warn.
If you do eat or drink, *materially*,
For eating sake or for enjoyment, when
Hunger and thirst do n't sanctify the deed,
Be cautious; mete and very sparingly:
If so you can participate and *taste*
And see the 'ELEPHANT' and not be hurt,
At least not much.
Despise not what I say; laugh not thereat;
But heed and do it. Be particular.
Be firm thereto, if not you will repent;
Or be beneath a prostrate penitent:
Be more commiserable and less MAN.
Some persons eat and drink themselves to death;
Or till quite sick and nearly dead thereby,
Because they *can*.'

The 'Stanzas for the dear Sister and Brothers of a Young Woman who Died,' are scarcely less harmonious than the blank-verse, in its most stately flow. For example:

'FRANCES SALOMA is dead!
My only sister and sister
Of those whose sister I am,
Who, with me mourning, have missed her.

'Where has our dear sister gone?
One day she ceased to breathe, utter,
Turned cold and pallid, and we
In the cold ground deeply shut her:

'And now we never see her,
And never more shall behold her:
Oh! we mean not *never more*!
Tho in the earth she does moulder.

'Oh! the sweet flower! — our good sister
Perished, was blighted too quickly:
She was just twenty years old
When she died — but she died meekly.'

Such are samples of the almost 'spontaneous growth' of poetry throughout 'works' of E. DARROW, Esq., of Akron, in the State of Ohio. They are 'works meet for repentance.' - - - HERE are '*Some Thoughts on Love, from a Summer Letter, written at a 'Watering-Place*,' which will doubtless hit the fancy of some tender-hearted reader: 'Seriously, J —, it is my duty to impress upon you the certain fact that one half of our young people lose their senses when they lose their hearts. One of our party has already written five letters to his lady-love, and he goes about sighing and groaning in a most pitiable manner. He

has no appetite, and sleeps up at the top of the house, close to the moon. He cannot stand by one of the columns of the piazza without putting his arm around its waist, and I caught him kissing an apple to-day because it had red cheeks. To these extremities may a man be reduced in the flower of his years by yielding to a sickly sentimentality! I believe in love; yea, and true love, too; and in my way I claim to love as much as any man, and to have as warm a heart. True, I have never sat night after night in a darkened room with some half-sleeping girl, and imagined she was an angel. It's all humbug, J——; the fairest woman can consume her share of bread-and-butter, and her fairy fingers could 'repair the damage' if you should be so unfortunate as to tear your shirt. There—I feel better now! - - - A CORRESPONDENT from a pleasant village in the 'Southern Tier,' writes us: 'I hardly think your December number will be complete without the following: Parson F——, whilome of this place, and now pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Utica, fully appreciating the power of MAMMON as a prop of the ministry, but deploring ignorance, whether found in palace or hovel, was sadly disturbed at the illiterate condition of the wife of his most wealthy parishioner, and set himself about the laudable project of enlightning her upon sacred things by a loan of D'AUBIGNE's History of the Reformation. Upon being asked shortly after by her spiritual guide how she liked it, she answered: 'La! Mr. F——, to tell the truth, I read no farther in 't than to where he gives an account of LUTHER's diet on Worms, and then threw the book down in disgust!' - - - THE KNICKERBOCKER—we say it gratefully and in no spirit of vain-boasting—is increasing in circulation in all parts of the country—North and South, East and West. Take two opposite extremes, for example, being just before us, by this morning's mail. An agent at Cleveland, Ohio, writes: 'The KNICKERBOCKER is very popular out this way. Previous to the reduction in the price I only disposed of six copies; now I find a ready sale for one hundred, and I fully expect to increase my order to two hundred by next spring.' A friend in St. Johnsbury, Vermont, sends us a large club of subscribers, and in his note inclosing the money, kindly adds: 'I hope all friends of genial KNICK will take the same little trouble that I have, to show their appreciation of your continued efforts in meeting the wants of like genial hearts.' We take the liberty, in this connection, to call attention to the *Advertisement of the Forty-First Volume*, which precedes the 'Original Papers' in the present number. - - - 'I SEND you,' writes an obliging town-correspondent, 'a complete and correct copy of a little poem entitled *The White Rose*,' taken from an old newspaper in my possession, the first verse of which was misquoted in a communication to the 'Editor's Table,' in your last number:

THE WHITE ROSE.

'WRITTEN in the fifteenth century, and sent by the Duke of CLARENCE (of the house of York) with a white rose to Lady E. BEAUCHAMP, a violent adherent to the house of Lancaster:

'If thys fayre rose offende thye sighte,
Plac'd inne thye bosomme bare,
'Twyll blush to finde itselfe less whyte,
And turne Lancastryune there.

'But if thye rubye lippe it spye,
As kyss it thou may'st deigne,
With envye pale 'twyll lose its dye,
And Yorkysh turne again.'

Is not that very beautiful? - - - A SERIES of half-a-dozen dissolving views have been added to SATTLER's charming and popular cosmoramas, corner of

Broadway and Thirteenth-street, which we have so often commended to the public. The addition is varied and pleasing; the introduction of figures as the night advances is best seen in the view taken near the Pyramids. As a whole, there is no exhibition in New-York better deserving of patronage. . . . A FRIEND now absent from town, on a brief tour to the west, writes us as follows from the 'Iron City':

'I WERE yesterday drawn over the Allegany mountings by nine stationary Ingens!' It is a singular triumph of the skill of man to see these huge locomotives running and shrieking over the top and through the deep gorges of the Alleghanies. The Pennsylvania Rail-Road, from Lancaster to Pittsburgh, is now very nearly completed. I came 'by rail' all the way, except ten miles by stage-coach, and I am told the cars will be running the entire route on my return. It can hardly fail to be a very profitable road when finished. The difficulty of crossing the mountains will be diminished in a year or so by a new route over them, which will do away with the inclined planes, and will shorten the time some hours.'

'*The Peri, or the Enchanted Fountain*,' is the title of a new grand fairy opera, by MR. JAMES GASPARD MAEDER, an eminent musician and composer, of which we hear the highest encomiums. We are assured by an old and capable correspondent that this opera 'is indeed a gem,' that cannot fail to create a great sensation. The editor of the '*Boston Atlas*,' competent authority, who has heard it, says of it: 'We cannot refrain from adding our mite in its behalf. The music is indescribably rich and mellifluous, floating upon the ear in soft and exquisite cadences, delicately expressive of the warblings of those creatures of imaginative existence, which the libretto portrays most vividly in various scenes and incidents. MAEDER seems to have caught the very spirit of poësy, which flows in melodious strains, like the lulling yet brilliant notes of the fairies. In the composition of the opera the composer has shown himself to be a true musician. The music is of that brilliant, light, and fairy character that cannot fail to please.' . . . Some of our New-England readers, we have no doubt, will recognize a once distinguished attorney-general of an eastern State, in the subject of the annexed anecdote:

'Mr. B —, a distinguished advocate and attorney-general of a far 'down-east' State, was sitting with his hat over his eyes, and his chin on his breast, bolstered up on either side with chairs and table, and sleeping as comfortably as 'the indomitable spirit of gin' would allow, in the court-house at A —, when 'the Court' entered and took his seat on the bench. Observing the situation of Mr. B —, which had not changed on the entrance of 'the Court,' the Judge looked at the sheriff, who seemed to understand that it was his duty to get the sleeper into 'condition.'

'Mr. B —, the Court is in.'

'I won't give the reply. Suffice it to say, the sheriff had a decided objection to going to the murky and sulphurous place to which he was consigned.'

'Mr. B —,' said the Judge, 'we have observed, with profound regret, your conduct during the last week; and this morning we find you in no better condition to take up your cases than before. We are disposed to bear with you no longer. You disgrace yourself and your family, 'the Court,' and the profession, by your course of conduct.' This reproof elicited the following colloquy:

'Did your-r honor speak to me?'

'I did, Sir!'

'What re-mark di-hid you make?'

'I said, Sir, that, in my opinion, you disgrace yourself and family, the Court, and the profession, by your course of conduct.'

'May i-i-it please your honor, I have been an attorney in-in-in this c-court for fifteen years; and permit me to say, your honor, that that is the first cor-rect opinion I ever knew you to give!'

Slightly 'pungent,' that! . . . '*Prismatics*,' by 'RICHARD HAYWARDE, is the title of a superbly-illustrated little volume, which will appear from the press of the APPLETONS about the first of January. That it will be a book which

will richly reward perusal, no one of our readers will need to be informed; for some of the most spirited and tasteful papers, in prose and verse, that have ever appeared in this Magazine have been from the pen of 'RICHARD HAYWARD,' the *nom de plume* of a true representative of an intellectual and cultivated New-York merchant. The illustrations by DARLEY, KENSSETT, ELLIOTT, HICKS, and ROSSITER, will be of the most exquisite character, if the engravers do justice to the drawings, which we have had the pleasure to examine; and we learn that they are to go into the best hands. - - - The length of many of our articles, and the addition of title-page, index, etc., exclude some *ten pages* of 'Gossip,' (including several notices of excellent new books,) from the present number. In our next, which will be early issued, these will receive careful attention. Our *Forty-First Volume* will appear upon new type throughout; and, so far as externals go, our popular printer says, '*it shall not be excelled by any Magazine in the world.*' We will try to make the internal agree with the external excellence of the work. Our contributors were never of a higher order, or more numerous, and our portfolios are literally groaning with communications, of the best, in prose and verse, awaiting insertion. The volume will be stereotyped, the constantly-increasing favor of the public compelling us to anticipate extensive demands, beyond our ordinary large editions. With gratitude for the past, pleasure in contemplation of the present, and reliable trust in the future, we shall hope to enter upon the best volume of 'THE KNICKERBOCKER' that has ever yet appeared. You *know* us, reader: therefore, 'wait and see' whether we 'keep the word of promise to the ear' only, or in 'right good faith.' - - - Our contemporary of the '*Irish-American*' has mistaken a satirically-playful retort, one of several lively 'club'-papers, for an attack upon the 'Green Isle of the Ocean,' and its gifted sons. Very many of the eminent Irishmen whom '*The Irish-American*' names, as reflecting honor upon their country, have no more fervent admirer than our correspondent. Wait until the papers 'On the Habits of Scotchmen,' 'Frenchmen,' 'Germans,' 'Yankees,' and the rest, appear, brother-editor: and in the mean time, 'put up your sythe!' - - - We have no hesitation whatever in saying, that the very best portrait that we have ever seen of the great and good WASHINGTON, is the one recently published by Mr. GEORGE W. CHILDS, Philadelphia; engraved by T. B. WELCH, under the superintendence of SULLY, from STUART's only original portrait, in the Athenæum at Boston. There is *nothing* in the original that is not copied, to the minutest touch of the great master's pencil: indeed, it needs but varied *color* to make it *the* picture itself. It comes before the public recommended by scores of the most distinguished persons in the United States, political, literary, artistic and other, including the PRESIDENT, GEORGE WASHINGTON CUSTIS, WEBSTER, IRVING, SPARKS, PRESCOTT, HALLECK, HARDING, ELLIOTT, NEAGLE, etc. It is a large and superb picture, and can be had of Messrs. WILLIAMS AND STEVENS for the small sum of five dollars. - - - Among the postponed 'Gossipry' in type are an excellent communication from our friend in Kentucky: 'A Visit to Glenmary,' from a correspondent in 'old Broome;' 'ERICSSON'S Caloric Engine;' 'Letter from Poverty Hollow to a gentleman in New-York;' 'More Experience of the Travelling Dentist,' 'Rail-Road Life and Observation in Wisconsin,' from a some time New-Yorker, etc., etc. - - - THE publishers' Advertisement of the '*Knick-Knacks*' appears on the second page of the cover. The work has had an unprecedented 'run,' the first large edition being almost immediately exhausted. A second edition, of four thousand copies, is now passing through the press. It is pleasant to think that we have not mistaken the kind partiality of our friends.